

A CARD.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

THE train was just about to start, the passengers, expectant of a long journey, settled themselves comfortably in their seats, arranged shawls, travelling-bags and umbrellas, and took a final survey of the dim smoky station, from which they had been waiting, impatiently, for the iron master to emerge, puffing and blowing, into the fair light of open day. As for the floating population, whose presence was due only to a desire to see the last of some departing friend, it was high time for such to be placing themselves once more upon *terra firma*. This opinion, evidently, was ascertained by a gentleman who, having been deeply engaged in conversation with a young officer, now rose to go, saying, leisurely:

"Well, the train seems to have an idea of going, and I might as well follow suit. Lucky for us both that we happened to meet, as it will probably save considerable trouble in this affair. I have been able to give you an outline of it, and for any particulars that you may wish to know, write me at— Ah, stop—here's my card, with full business address. Good morning." And taking an abrupt leave, he hurried from the car, just as it began to get in motion.

Lieutenant Bradford, left alone, let the card lie, for the nonce, where it had fallen, his attention being otherwise occupied with a neighboring damsel, whose frequent glances in his direction indicated anything but a reluctance to indulge in one of those fascinating, though temporary flirtations, which may so successfully beguile the weariness of railway travel. Not quite certain whether to accept this silent challenge, the young man looked critically at his *vis-à-vis*. That she was excessively school-girlish, and, by no means one of the most favorable specimens of the class, was not difficult to discover, and he withdrew his gaze somewhat doubtfully. Then, observing the card upon the seat, he picked it up, and turned it over to read the address. What was his astonishment at finding that the piece of pasteboard contained no printed words, but the face of a young and beautiful lady. Amusement succeeded surprise, as he realized the error committed by

Charles Anderson, but presently, continuing to gaze on the lovely semblance, he became lost in speculations concerning its original. Nor did he care to pay any further heed to his forward neighbor, whose face, pretty but bold, and rather loud style, contrasted unfavorably with the modest beauty of this fair unknown. So, unfolding a newspaper for a screen, he went on with his delightful study, secure from the scrutiny of the silly schoolgirl, who, finding herself unappreciated in that quarter, turned her attention to a young collegian, who proved more grateful than the soldier.

Meantime, the latter, having placed the treasure-trove in his pocket-book, had fallen to considering the propriety of returning it to the rightful owner. He was pleased, however, to remember presently, that such a course was impracticable, as, through this very mistake, he had lost the address of Charles Anderson, to whom, personally, he was almost a stranger, with no further connection than that of certain military business. To be sure the picture might be sent at a venture, but this idea did not strike him agreeably. Rather than set it afloat upon the uncertain tide of New York, he decided, as it was probably a matter of small moment to Mr. Anderson, to keep it himself for the present, and trust to chance for an opportunity of restoring it and obtaining the desired information upon the subject. The possibility of his own forgetfulness never occurred to him; yet, once at home, his attention was so occupied with other matters, that this little episode quite passed out of mind, although the photograph still remained hidden among the papers in the fold of his notebook.

Time flies so swiftly on wings of pleasure, that his hours can be numbered only by their brightness. Lieutenant Bradford's furlough seemed scarce begun, ere it was already over. The last good-by was spoken, the last glance given, and, with a farewell eldritch shriek from the warning whistle, the young soldier was whirled away. Having finished his paper, he looked around him, seeking some diversion by scanning the faces and fashions of his fellow-travel-

lers. There was the usual variety—the child who is perpetually munching gingerbread and apples; the woman whose bonnet is decorated with two shades of the same color; the baby whose sonorous scream is kept up with an energy worthy of a better cause; the man who stares offensively at every pretty face; in short, all those peculiar elements which go to make up the heterogeneous contents of a railway car, and with which any practised traveller is familiar. Upon none of these, however, did the glance of Lieutenant Bradford remain, for, aside from their own unattractiveness, another matter engrossed his attention. Upon the opposite side, not far in advance, his wandering eye discovered a pretty, simple, gray bonnet, framing an exquisite face, at which he gazed at first with only a feeling of admiration, which gradually grew into a feeling of recognition, for which he could not immediately account. But presently his efforts at identification touched some hidden link of association, and in the space of a moment memory had recalled the forgotten incidents of his interview with Charles Anderson, convincing him that, in the unconscious beauty before him, he beheld the original of the photograph which had come into his possession in so peculiar a manner. After some search, the picture, brought from its long concealment to the light of day once more, proved the correctness of his belief. Yet comparison, while showing the resemblance, showed, also, the injustice of this “counterfeit presentment,” which, faithful only in form, could not give the fresh gold of the hair, the roses that blossomed on cheek and lip, nor the velvet brown of those expressive eyes, which lent new brilliancy of beauty to the whole living countenance.

These particulars Lieutenant Bradford ascertained by a discreet but close observation; making the most of his rather limited opportunities. But Fortune, who is said to favor the brave, condescended to favor him at length. Returning to his seat, which he had left for a moment, at one of the stations, he found it filled even to overflowing, by two feminine billows of the tide of passengers which, in his absence, had invaded the car. However it might have been with others, for our gallant lieutenant it was an absolute impossibility to request a lady to yield her seat to a prior claim; but discovering, presently, that the unknown

beauty had no companion, he mustered courage to ask permission to take the vacant place beside her. The favor was granted by a voice whose soft sweetness seemed the very counterpart of the charming face, and the young man sat down, with the feeling that he was, decidedly, a lucky fellow.

Now Lieutenant Bradford was anything but diffident, usually, but in this particular instance, he was at a loss, in consequence, probably, of a certain consciousness which is often caused by an extreme desire to please. At all events, the young officer, for one reason or another, felt an unusual constraint in the presence of this pretty creature, whom, nevertheless, he admired more than any other whom he had seen. To draw her into conversation was his great wish, but with what words to address her he hardly knew. Concluding, finally, that anything was better than silence, he began some very original remark about the weather, which elicited a reply of similar character. The ice having been broken thus, he plunged into a stream of small-talk without further ado.

“Travelling alone is usually rather tiresome; don't you think so?”

The lady assented, and he continued:

“To be sure, one always finds plenty of acquaintances in a railroad car, but fortunately or unfortunately, one is not on speaking terms with them.”

“Not on speaking terms with one's acquaintances?” repeated his companion, looking around with some surprise, as if wondering with what sort of a person she had been thrown. “Is that a railway regulation?”

“Why, yes, for railway acquaintances—of the kind I mean, at least. For instance, that woman and child a few seats in advance of us, are old friends of mine. I never enter a car but I see them, or their exact likenesses, yet I have never had the honor of any conversation with them beyond a few words. And—pardon the discourtesy—I hope I never may!”

The young lady understanding the drift of his speech, smiled, as she replied:

“I cannot quite credit the sincerity of that hope, after your admission of having spoken even a few words.”

“O, that goes for nothing, I assure you. It is one of the peculiar charms of such people, to be always wanting the window put up or down—no matter which—any-

thing for a change. I know, for I have been one of the victims, on other occasions. *The last time I sat just before my friend,* and suffered accordingly; but sitting some distance behind her, to-day, I have had the opportunity of watching that window raised three times by the much-enduring gentleman in front, who has had the pleasure of letting it down twice, and must be waiting anxiously for the next call. Yes, there it goes, sure enough! I thought it was nearly time."

"But, of course, it is a great privilege to assist a lady in any way," was the arch response.

"O, doubtless; especially when she is so fearful of giving trouble. But really, what do you imagine can be the state of mind that induces a person to wear a blue bonnet and yellow flowers with a purple cloak? What must be the precise sensation, do you think?"

"Well, a glow of gratification, I fancy, as one who has done her whole duty. And you must admit that the effect of the combination is perfect, of its kind."

"Why, as to that—" began Lieutenant Bradford, then stopped short. In giving an explanation of this sudden pause, it must be prefaced that, for some time he had been annoyed by the behaviour of an ill-looking, vulgarly-dressed fellow in the next seat, who, at the sound of their voices and subdued laughter, had deliberately turned around, and leaning his arm on the back of the seat, stared rudely into the face of the young lady. Inwardly chafing as he was at such impertinence, Lieutenant Bradford, hitherto, had taken no apparent notice of the man, except by a few black looks, not wishing to assume the responsibility of a measure, for which, very possibly, his companion might not thank him. But now, beholding in her face irrepressible signs of embarrassment and annoyance, so great as even to prevent her looking toward himself, lest the movement should expose her more fully to this offensive gaze, he hesitated no longer. Leaving his first speech unfinished, he bent toward her, and said in a low tone, indicating his meaning by a quick glance:

"Allow me to inquire if this sort of thing is not rather disagreeable to you?"

"Extremely so!" was the ready reply, with heightened color.

"Then I have your permission to put an end to it after my own fashion—quietly of

course?" perceiving some hesitation on her part, banished, however, by his assurances.

"Yes, certainly, if it could be done quietly, I should be very glad; but anything is better than a scene."

"Never fear; there shall be no scene. Depend upon my discretion."

So speaking, the young man, with a rather quizzical smile, took down a travelling-bag from a rack overhead. Placing it on the floor, beyond the curious ken, he unlocked it, and opening his dressing-case, he took out a toilet-glass, which he suddenly presented to the broad stare, which, attracted by his movements, had now been directed full upon him. Startled by this unexpected reflection of his countenance, and thoroughly ashamed of himself, the fellow, red as fire, turned his head away quickly, and after a few uneasy moments, got up and walked into the next car, having learned, it is to be hoped, a useful lesson.

"Singular, is it not?" remarked our experimentalist, replacing his ingenious weapon; that the human face divine should inspire such terror?"

His pretty charge could make no response from the folds of the kerchief wherein she was seeking to stifle the irresistible mirth caused by this ludicrous incident. The young man, glancing at her, smiled also, as he arose to restore the travelling-bag to its original position. By the time that he resumed his seat, the young lady was able to look up, but their eyes meeting, both laughed outright.

"I ought to thank you," she said, presently, in an exhausted voice; "but I really can think of nothing but that poor fellow's absurd face. He looked so thoroughly ashamed I could not help pitying him. "I hope we have not been too severe with him."

"O, not at all. I saw all that he needed to convince him of the error of his ways, was a little reflection, and it seems only charity to give him that. Seriously, one can scarcely take too severe measures in such a case. I have seen too many ladies annoyed in this way, to have the least pity for any mortification that their tormentors may feel. One would think that the mere fact of a woman's inability to resent such impertinence would be sufficient to check it, but I am afraid I must own that there are those, calling themselves men, who delight to oppress anything just in proportion

to its helplessness. For such cowardly creatures I have no sympathy at all. But this can hardly be an entertaining subject for you—suppose we change it.”

Which suggestion was adopted with great success, judging from the animation with which, half an hour later, they might have been observed in the discussion of some question of the day.

Upon reaching Washington, which chanced to be the end of the journey for each, it was discovered that, by some misunderstanding, neither the friend nor the carriage that she had expected was in waiting for the young lady. She seemed vexed at the *contretemps*, but Lieutenant Bradford, despite his polite regrets, was secretly delighted with this opportunity of rendering her further service. Having placed her in a carriage, with her permission he took a seat therein, likewise, with the intention of accompanying her to her home. Learning after a while from some words dropped by his fair charge, that she had nearly reached her destination, he saw that it was “now or never” for him, and summoning his powers for a grand effort, he said, hastily, as he gathered together her travelling-wraps:

“I should be wretched to believe this the end of our acquaintance—if you will permit me to call it so. May I not hope to meet you again, at some time when I can have the honor of an introduction?”

She did not seem offended, but smiled, at first without speaking; then, noting the earnest expectation of his manner, thoroughly respectful, withal, as it was, she said archly:

“Do you ever go to parties?”

“Sometimes,” was the eager reply. “Do you?”

“Occasionally. And do you know Mrs. Archer Kingston, of — St.?”

“Slightly. Her brother, Jack Wentworth, I know very well indeed—”

“Mrs. Kingston gives a reception on Thursday evening.”

“Pray do not think me impertinent, but—will you be there?”

She laughed, but shook her head, replying: “No one can say what he may do. I never attempt to look into the future—the present is quite enough for me.”

Before the young man could speak again, the carriage had stopped.

“Ah here we are at last!” exclaimed the

young lady, as the door was opened by the driver; then, turning to her companion, “thank you a thousand times for your kindness. No, do not get out, please. I have no need of more assistance.”

And, with a parting salutation she ran lightly up the steps, followed by the hackman, leaving Lieutenant Bradford to look on, passively; unable after her express request to the contrary, to take that active share in the proceedings, by which he had designed to inform himself with regard to “the local habitation and the name” of this fair unknown who had already made a decided impression upon his heart, albeit it was not by nature particularly susceptible.

All this happened on Tuesday, and it hardly can be necessary to state with what impatience the young man awaited the coming of Thursday night, which really was not at all behind time, however it may have seemed to his eager wishes. Jack Wentworth, the brother of the intending hostess, had given him an urgent invitation to “assist” at the reception, and, of course, the foolish fellow was one of the very first arrivals. It was, in truth, quite a brilliant affair, notwithstanding the unflattering opinion entertained by Lieutenant Bradford, who, disappointed with respect to the one person whom he cared to see, and never pausing to reflect upon the possibility of a later appearance, privately considered the whole thing an unmitigated bore. After a while, however, becoming interested in conversation with a brother officer, he ceased to watch the door, whereupon, naturally, the desire of his heart was granted, in accordance with the oft-proved law by which an expectation is fulfilled as soon as it is renounced. At the stir made by some new entrance, he looked up, to behold his blonde beauty, radiant in cloudy *crepe* and pearls, the cynosure of many eyes. As in moving up the drawing-room she passed near him, a half smile of recognition hovered about her lips, while he bowed low.

“So you are acquainted with that young lady, Bradford?” asked Captain Richards, following his companion’s gaze after the graceful retreating form.

“No; are you?” introduce me, then, there’s a good fellow!”

“I introduce you? why, I was about to ask that favor for myself. But how do you mean—are you in the habit of bowing to ladies whom you do not know?” And the

speaker looked as if he suspected that Lieutenant Bradford was taking leave of his senses.

"Yes—no—that is—I met her travelling, the other day," was the somewhat incoherent reply. "Who is she?"

"I know nothing of her except by hearsay. It is a Miss Armstead—very much admired, I understand. Tom Drayton of the —th is wild on the subject of her charms, I know. He pointed her out to me at a concert, not long ago, and I have been hoping for a chance to meet her, ever since. Too bad you cannot introduce me."

Lieutenant Bradford could hardly stay for the close of his friend's speech, such was his impatience to find Jack Wentworth, who he felt assured would be able to gratify his wish for a better knowledge of his pretty travelling-companion. Nor was this confidence misplaced. Great good-natured Jack smiled benignantly at this request, and presently had obtained permission to introduce "a friend" to Miss Armstead. Standing beside her now, Lieutenant Bradford felt that her loveliness, enhanced by the airy exquisite evening toilet, exceeded even his most flattering remembrance. Far too well bred for the inelegance of direct compliment, he yet could not conceal the admiration which kindled his eyes so eloquently, that Miss Armstead, impelled by some consciousness, hastened to break the silence, saying:

"I hope you have not been troubled by any avenging spirit of our poor fellow-traveller, whose thirst for knowledge was so misunderstood?"

"Not I," was the answer. "I assure you I have slept the sleep of the innocent. And you—I trust that rueful visage has not haunted your dreams?"

"O no," she responded, coloring slightly. *Query.* Had any other image mingled with her visions? This was a question which her deepening bloom suggested to the young man, but which, notwithstanding its absorbing interest, he could not ponder silently.

"This evening's reception seems to have proved quite a success?" observed the young lady, interrogatively, glancing through the thronged and brilliant rooms.

"O, it is perfect!" replied Lieutenant Bradford, warmly. "I wish it might never end!"

"What, are you so *very* fond of parties?" she asked, amused, apparently, by the fervor of his tone.

"Passionately! under certain circumstances," with a quick inflection to point the meaning.

"No doubt, then, you will attend every party this season?"

"Why—there is a choice, I suppose, even in one's amusements. Now if you would be so kind as to tell me the places that are best worth cultivating—those, for instance, that you care to honor with your presence—"

"Indeed! And do you really expect me to furnish you with a programme of my movements?"

It was now Lieutenant Bradford's turn to redden slightly, although he smiled as he replied:

"Why, I am indebted to you already for this evening's pleasure, and—"

"Yes," was her quick interruption, "and no doubt you have thought it very odd that I should volunteer so much to a stranger."

Of course the young man disclaimed hastily, but, as if unheeding his protestations, she continued:

"There was an excuse, however, for my forwardness—"

"Now, Miss Armstead, I beg—"

"No, no!" she cried, breaking in upon his shocked remonstrance; "let me finish, and then you shall say what you like. I repeat, there was an excuse, and it is that you were not quite the stranger that you seemed. Yes, you may look surprised, but it is true that I knew much more of you than you fancied. I knew your name and regiment, and I can even inform you that last summer you were wounded in your left arm, just above the wrist. It happened in a skirmish."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the lieutenant, confounded by these details. "And may I ask how I had the honor to become known to you?"

Miss Armstead smiled, enjoying his astonishment.

"Do you remember replying to my question about your acquaintance with Mrs. Archer Kingston, that you knew her brother Jack Wentworth very well indeed? Well, Jack is a very old friend of mine, and I have often heard him speak of Lieutenant Bradford, who—excuse the compliment—is quite a hero in his eyes! So I

learned not a little about you, and one day, at a sort of review, Jack pointed you out to me. I never forget faces, and I knew yours again, instantly. And you perceive now that you must no longer think me forward," she concluded, playfully.

"As if I ever could or would have such a thought!" protested the young man, warmly. "You know your words do me injustice. And so Jack has sometimes spoken kindly of me to you? There is another obligation added to the many I already owe him. And I have heard him praise Miss Armstead so enthusiastically, that I have often longed to meet her, although, I confess, I was not prepared to find such exquisite pleasure in her society."

"Thank you!" responded the young lady, with a charming little gesture of acknowledgment. "And now that each has credibly delivered a compliment, and made the proper explanations, I suppose we can let the matter pass!"

"But, Miss Armstead, since it seems we are old friends, you will not be so cruel as to refuse to grant me that favor?"

"What favor do you mean?"

"Of informing me at what places you may be found, in order that, by following your example, I may be sure of having made the best selection."

"But are you not perfectly able to make your own choice?"

"O no, for I am quite a stranger in Washington. I have been here, comparatively, but very little indeed—only when my regiment chanced to be in town."

"And how do you know that I am more familiar than yourself with Washington?"

"Pardon me! You said, a moment since, that Jack Wentworth was a very old friend of yours. I happen to know that, with the exception of the time when he was abroad, nearly the whole of Jack's life has been passed here. Beside, I have been aware all the time that his friend Miss Armstead resided in Washington. So what is the conclusion?"

"O, I cannot attempt to follow your argument, but I am still unconvinced of the propriety of advertising my movements."

"Then you drive me to the necessity of taking personal observations upon the point."

"I am not responsible for your deeds," was the saucy response.

"Very well; at least you do not deny me

that privilege. But now, Miss Armstead, I have a secret, in my turn. Do you care to hear it?"

"No, I have not the masculine failing of curiosity!"

"Indeed? But it concerns yourself."

"Ah, that alters the case. You must tell me immediately."

"Must I?"

"If you please."

"Very well—I suppose it is the duty of a soldier to obey orders. Give me your attention, if you will be so kind. Now what would you say to hear that I have in my possession a—a—"

"O, why do you stop! A what?"

"Why, only think! a—a—"

"Do go on! Please, a—a—?"

"Well, then, a secret—a real *bona fide* secret—and all about you!"

"Why, so you said before. That is nothing new."

"But the truth will bear repetition, you know."

"Then you will be so good as to repeat your secret directly, if it contains any truth."

"Ah, you really must excuse me."

"I thought it was a soldier's duty to obey orders!"

"It is a soldier's duty, also, to give no information to the enemy."

"O, you reckon me an enemy, then?"

"Are you not one? You refuse my request—"

"And you refuse mine!"

"Shall we exchange?"

"No, no, no!"

"Too bad!—here comes an interruption—"

"Such a pity!"

"Is it not? You see the calamity drawing near?"

"I see. It has taken an agreeable form, at least."

"Truly, tastes differ! But you won't like him."

"But I yet have the impression that I shall."

"Pardon me, my fair enemy, but he is my friend—therefore I shall know best. You will not like him, believe me."

"O, doubtless you are right. He is your friend—and I shall not like him! You see I am too polite to contradict you."

"Too polite, by far! Now, Miss Armstead, the calamity will be upon us direct—"

ly, and there is just time for asking permission to carry the war into the enemy's camp."

"An unknown language—translate, if you please."

"A thousand pardons! I beg, then, that you will generously allow me to call upon you and ascertain your sentiments upon the secret question—"

"Which you know already?"

"Ah yes, but I know, also, that ladies are privileged to change their minds for slight cause—or no cause at all. But is the favor granted?"

"O, if you wish. And it will gratify some curiosity, to which I confess, regarding Jack's *beau idéal*!"

"Whose merits are at present too ideal for your perception, I fear. Indeed, Miss Armstead, to drop the jest, you have made me very happy by granting my request, and I can never be sufficiently grateful to Jack Wentworth, for the friendship that has secured me such a pleasure."

Here, at length, they were interrupted by the advent of "the calamity," as the young man had dubbed Captain Richards, who, in company with his friend, the smitten Tom Drayton aforesaid, had been making a rapid advance toward Miss Armstead, until detained a while by an acquaintance. Naturally, Lieutenant Bradford was not overpleased by the appearance of those whom his jealous penetration had already learned to consider in the light of rivals; but he was too magnanimous not to give them a fair chance, which, in like case, he would have deemed his own due. Accordingly, after a short time, he took leave of his quondam charge, consoling himself for this reluctant departure by the thought that no long period would elapse before he would again enjoy the enchantment of her presence. And, indeed, this expectation was amply fulfilled, both in kind and degree. Miss Armstead's curiosity, if in truth it existed, respecting "Jack Wentworth's ideal," must have been thoroughly gratified. Early and late did Lieutenant Bradford call upon her, or, to use his own phrase, "carry the war into the enemy's camp," until, by some strange process, the enemies had become the best of friends.

All this pleasure, whose only drawback hitherto had been the presence, more or less frequent, of Captain Richards, Tom Drayton, or some other admirer, was inter-

rupted, suddenly, by marching orders issued to Lieutenant Bradford's regiment. The fiat had gone forth that they should leave Washington and move into the field. The young soldier was by no means reluctant to change this life of inglorious ease for active service, however hard; but to leave Washington was to leave Miss Nettie Armstead, likewise, and every step that he took on the onward march but carried him further away from her and happiness. This reflection, then, somewhat qualified the eager anticipations which the "rumor of war" naturally excited in the breast of a soldier.

It may be that Lieutenant Bradford felt a shade of disappointment at the manner in which Miss Armstead received the news of his impending departure. So far as he could observe, she was not affected in the least, but continued the netting of her bright worsteds as composedly as if life had no more important object than the beauty of a sofa-cushion. She did not even raise her eyes in replying:

"At last, then, you have the wished-for opportunity of suffering in the cause."

"You forget that that happiness and honor have already been mine," he said, rather gravely, hurt by her apparent nonchalance.

"Ah, yes—one forgets everything in these days, when there is everything to remember."

He looked at her for a moment, as if about to say something which should not be forgotten so easily; then, with a sudden change of purpose said, lightly:

"Very true; we remember our own interests, but it hardly would be fair to expect the same thoughtfulness of others. The fact of my having been wounded, for instance, would naturally look much larger to my eyes than to yours. It would be too much vanity to fancy that you could keep such a trifle in mind for two whole months! I think it is about that time since you spoke of it to me, at Mrs. Kingston's reception. By the way, I wonder if you recollect the principal subject of our conversation that evening? Rather mysterious, I believe it was."

"O yes! when you promised to tell me some secret?"

"Ah, did I, indeed? I had the impression that the agreement was to this effect—that you should tell me a secret in re-

turn for mine. But perhaps it would be wise to yield the point, as your memory already has been proved so good!"

"Never mind my poor memory—I want to know your secret."

"Do you? Enough to grant me a favor in return?"

"Yes indeed—only gratify my curiosity now."

"Ah, Miss Nettie, it is possible that I have concluded to stand upon my dignity now. You have trifled with me too long, and I shall punish you by making you wait my own time."

"O, if you say that, I know it is useless to try persuasion, you are so—terribly—yes, I will say it—so terribly obstinate!"

"Really, Miss Nettie? Why, that is an ugly word! You might, at least, have softened it into 'firm.' I shall hate to leave my friends here with such an idea of my character."

Miss Armstead made no response, unless we can interpret as such a slight movement which tossed her embroidery-scissors from her work. Picking them up from the floor, the young man began, absently, to play with them, while he continued, in a graver tone:

"To tell the truth, in spite of my wish for active service, I hate to leave my friends at all. I know how sadly I shall miss them, and all these pleasant associations, at first. However, I suppose a soldier has no business with such things—and, after all, I should be ungrateful to repine, as long as I can carry my talisman with me. One face is sometimes better than a crowd, ah, Miss Nettie?"

Suiting the action to the word, our sentimental soldier took out a photograph, upon which he gazed with an exaggerated devotion, which yet did not prevent him from stealing a sly glance at Miss Armstead, who worked on, silently and steadily, though with heightened color.

"Pardon me for intruding my affairs upon you thus," said Lieutenant Bradford, at length, finding that she would not speak. "I hardly know how it is—I have never before shown the picture. But is it not a lovely face?"

As he held the card toward her, she took it with a little air of dignity, which vanished, however, at the first glance, leaving astonishment in its place.

"What, my own picture!" she cried.

"Is it possible? Where did you get it? for I am very certain it was no gift of mine. Ah, please don't be—*firm*—but tell me at once—please!"

And the velvet-brown eyes looked imploringly up into his own. He took the hand which held the photograph in his clasp, saying:

"Before telling you anything, Miss Nettie, I must have one question answered. This is my secret, you know, and you promised to grant me a favor in return. Say, must I give up the picture, or may I take the original?"

"You seem to have taken both already, without waiting for permission," responded Miss Nettie, looking down from under her lashes at her own slight fingers, enclosed in a strong warm pressure. When Lieutenant Bradford spoke again, it was upon a sweeter subject than the secret, to which he did not even allude until urged to an explanation by Miss Armstead's entreaties.

"Well, then, you must know," he said, then stopped short, and began again, abruptly—"But tell me first, why did you seem to care so little about my going away? You never showed the least emotion—not even surprise."

She looked up, looked down, and hesitated.

"Because—because—do you really want to know?"

"So much, that I am resolved I will!" responded the lieutenant, convinced by her manner that there was some mystery, with which he ought to acquaint himself, at the bottom of all this reluctance.

"O, resolved! Very well, then—because—I had heard the news, half an hour before, from Jack Wentworth! And do you think I was going to afford a possible triumph to some one who might care nothing for me? So much for your jealousy! And now you need not speak another word until you have told me all about this picture; for I am *resolved*—you see I can use that expression, too—to learn the whole secret at once!"

The young man could hardly do less than obey this peremptory order, although it may be something of a mystery how he contrived to reconcile the contradictory commands which bade him not to speak another word, yet to explain the whole secret at once.

And now, most flagrantly disregarding the dramatic unities of time and place, the scene shifts to New York, one year later. In this period Lieutenant Bradford had obtained sufficient releasement from military duties to enable him to go to Washington for the purpose of celebrating a certain event, to which he had been looking forward for the last twelvemonth. From Washington he had gone directly to New York, wherein it was his intention to remain for a few days, before taking wing once more. Walking, one morning, along Broadway, he heard a voice pronounce his name, and, scanning the busy throng that swept past, recognized, presently, the face of Charles Anderson. The latter, turning around, took the lieutenant's arm, and the two strolled on together for a short distance. But ere long the jostling of the hurrying crowd provoked Mr. Anderson to interrupt himself in the midst of a speech touching some question relative to the war.

"Well," said he, rather impatiently, "this sort of thing is harder work than any at my office—where I ought to be now! By the way, do you recollect that Berners affair that I looked up for you? Some rather curious developments have come out about it since—not affecting the settlement at all, but something which it might interest you to hear, as I believe you never knew any of the particulars of the business. Tell me where you are, and if you've no engagement I'll come round and post you about it this evening."

His listener was reminded, by these words, of the mistake which had signalized a former occasion, and, with the remembrance, a sudden whim seized him, in accordance with which he took out a blank

card, and hastily pencilled upon it these names—

MR. AND MRS. FREDERIC W. BRADFORD.
ANNETTE ARMSTEAD.

This done, he handed the piece of pasteboard to Anderson, whose face, on beholding it, was truly a study. Indeed, it occurred to Lieutenant Bradford, afterward, while reviewing the explanation which he had just given, that Mr. Anderson's appreciation of the whole thing was far less enthusiastic than his. With this statement of opinion, he finished his relation of the incident to his wife, who seemed wonderfully amused thereat.

"O Fred, Fred!" she exclaimed, in a tone that was half laughing, half dolorous. "To think you *should* have blundered into such a thing—with Charles Anderson, of all people!"

"How do you mean, Nettle?" questioned the young man, puzzled by this sudden excitement. "Where was the blunder about Charles Anderson?"

"O, because—because—why, you know it might have taken him by surprise," very demurely.

"*In-deed?*" slowly and meaningly, said the lieutenant, who, in watching his wife's heightening color, had received a sudden flash of intelligence concerning the subject. "Now I understand the '*little engagement*' which he recollected for this evening! Well, I am not surprised that he prefers writing to a personal interview. Truly

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

And then, I am sorry to say, they laughed again, which, you know, all things considered, was very heartless indeed.

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

BY PATENT COUPLER.

At the time of this story I was passenger conductor on the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, running from Burlington on the Mississippi to Council Bluffs and Missouri River. I had regular days for taking out the mail, and regular nights for taking out the express. In other words, I would take out the mail and bring in the express, and *vice versa*.

I had brought out the mail from Burlington, and was now going back on the express. I had a big train. Five coaches, beside two baggage and one express car, a dining-car and two sleepers. Eleven cars in all. Passengers were hurrying to check their baggage; through mail was being transferred; bullion was being stowed away in the express car. All was apparently in confusion to any one but a railroader. We were late some twenty minutes. The Northwestern and Rock Island trains had been gone some time. Our road carried more passengers and express than both the others, and we were nearly always a little late, but made it up in the first hundred miles.

I was standing near the engine, conversing with Dan the engineer, and impatiently waiting for the bullion to be stowed away, when a man with a wooden leg stopped near us, and watched the "silver bricks" as they were transferred from the trucks to the car. With common assent we followed his gaze. He was a short thick-set man, poorly dressed. He had a cane in his right

hand, and shaded his eyes from the setting sun with his left.

"He's wishing those bricks were his," said Dan, laughing.

"Yes, you're right!" said the man, turning around.

"One of those little bricks would make a man pretty well off," I remarked.

"How much is one of those worth?" asked the man.

"Give a guess," said Dan. He was always propounding conundrums.

"O, maybe a hundred dollars," he answered.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Dan. "Why, man, one of those bricks is worth \$5000!"

"Are they, sir?" asked he, turning towards me.

"Not that much, but the largest one in that pile," pointing to an exceedingly large one on the truck that had just been wheeled up, "would make a poor man rich."

I here walked down by the baggage car, and pointing to the man, who was still eyeing the bullion with a greedy look, addressed one of my brakemen with:

"Duncan, who is that man? Do you know him?"

"Yes, that's John the dumper," he said.

"John the dumper! Who's he?"

"How long have you run on this road?" asked Duncan.

"Four years. But what's that to do with the matter?"

"You have run here four years, and don't know John the dumper! Well, that beats me! Why, he is the fellow that was suspected of breaking into the Red Oak Bank. You remember about a year ago what excitement was occasioned about that old man being murdered in Glenwood? Well, he was suspected of having a hand in that, too."

"Why don't they take care of him?" I asked.

"You know how tardy justice is in this part of the country as well as I do," he answered.

"Baggage all in, sir," reported the checkman.

"All aboard! Forty minutes late, Dan. Let her have it!" I shouted; and we were off with a jerk.

There was such a heavy train, that when we reached Pacific Junction, the first station, I had not been through one-half of it; and as the next place was but three miles further on, I hardly had time to go back from where I left off taking tickets, when we again stopped. However, I got all through, and had only to look after passengers who might get on along the road. As I have before stated, my train was the night express, and did not stop at every place, as did the mail train.

After leaving Red Oak we did not stop until we reached Corning. At the latter place the dining-car was, in our language, "cut off." Accordingly I went back to get my supper. At one of the tables in the car, and eating voraciously, sat the man with the wooden leg. I was surprised, for at Council Bluffs I had left him standing eyeing the bullion. I was positive I had overlooked him when collecting tickets, still I did not see how I had, either, I determined to ascertain, and arose from where I had seated myself, and said:

"Ticket, please."

"You took it once," said he.

"I think not," I answered. "If I did you have a check."

He fumbled a moment beneath his coat, and produced one of my checks.

"All right," said I, and turned my attention to the supper the waiter had just placed on the table.

After we left Corning we made no stop until we reached Creston, some thirty miles further on. I went into the baggage car and assorted my tickets. There were just

two hundred and eighteen tickets, through and local.

I finished my work, locked the tickets up in my box, and lighted a cigar. My thoughts returned to the wooden-legged man, John the dumper. I tried to recollect whether or not I had taken his ticket. I had it! I could count my passengers, and if the number corresponded to the number of the tickets, all right; if they did not, I would see where the mistake was.

Entering each coach, I counted the passengers, and set the number down in my book, that I might not forget. When I had counted them all I added the figures up. The sum total was just two hundred and nineteen! I went over them again, with the same result. Going back to the baggage car, I requested my brakeman to go through and count the passengers aboard. He came back and reported two hundred and nineteen. This left no doubt in my mind I had passed some one, and that some one was John the dumper, I believed. But how had he obtained my check? was a question I asked myself, and one I could not answer.

Going back into the fourth car, I saw a lady who was evidently hunting for something.

"What is the matter, madam?" I asked.

"O! are you the conductor? I have lost the check you gave me."

"Where did you put it?" I asked.

"In this little brass" (indicating the small arrangement near the window of a car for holding a ticket). "I placed it here, and I don't see how it could have fallen out."

"Never mind; you needn't look for it," I said, and passed on.

Returning, I asked her who occupied the seat behind her when she first missed the check. At this instant the door of the car opened, and the man with the wooden leg came in.

"The gentleman coming in the door," she answered.

This was sufficient for me to know. John the dumper had stolen the check, and was riding free. I remembered now, when I came through the car to collect tickets, the door of the closet was fastened; and just then arriving at a station, I had gotten out, and when I came back I passed the door without trying it. The man was in there, and as soon as I passed out of the

car, had taken a seat behind the lady, and stolen her check.

I was trying to think what measure to pursue. To put him off, and have trouble, or let him ride at the company's expense? I did not like his looks. It seemed to me, whether on account of the stories I had heard or not, that he could "knife a man" without winking, and I decided to let him ride, a while, at least.

At Creston I received a despatch from the dining-car conductor which read:

"Collect seventy-five cents from a wooden-legged man known as John the dumper. He did not pay me."

If I had ever doubted that the man was a dead beat, I was convinced now.

On leaving Creston I went through the train searching for him, with the determination of collecting my fare. I looked in vain. He was nowhere to be found.

It was now nearly nine o'clock, and I looked in the woodboxes, and poked under the berths in the sleeping-cars, thinking perhaps he might have concealed himself, but without avail. I sent a despatch back at the next station, saying he had gotten off.

We had been delayed at Creston, waiting for the St. Jo. branch, which was thirty minutes late, and we were now speeding over the rails at a fearful rate. I was in the smoking-car, with my feet fixed comfortably on the back of another seat, and had just lighted a cigar, when word was brought us that Billy—the express messenger—had dropped "a chunk of dough," that is, a silver brick, on his foot, and was "howling" terribly. I went through the two baggage cars and came to the express car. It was built exclusively for express, and only had doors on the side. To enter the car it was necessary to walk around upon the iron railing which led to the doors, and to cling to the railing overhead, which was, when we were running fast, a dangerous feat for one not accustomed to it to perform.

I was soon in the car, and had cut Billy's boot off, and made him as comfortable as possible with an old blanket spread on two or three trunks, a bed I improvised for him. I remained in the car until arriving at the next station, when I had Duncan go ahead and do the messenger's work. About twelve o'clock I went to see how he was getting along. He was unable to sleep any;

his foot pained him badly, but he was in good spirits.

"I guess there's a rod loose underneath," said he; "it's been scraping the bottom of the car for the last fifteen minutes."

"I'll have it fixed at the next stop," I answered.

In about thirty minutes we halted at Chariton, and I asked the watchman to examine the rods on the car. He did so, and said there was no rod loose, and if there was it could not be heard in the car when we were running. That was so. Strange I hadn't thought of it. Beneath the car there was a square box, about eight feet long. This box was two feet deep. There were sliding doors on each side of it, which were always kept locked. The box contained "journals," "brasses," "jack-screws," etc., for use in case of accidents. It would be impossible to hear the scraping of a rod *beneath the car*, on account of this box. Had I looked in the box I would have seen what caused the noise.

After leaving Chariton I told Billy that he must have been mistaken. There was a trapdoor in the car, about two feet square that opened into the box beneath, for the convenience of the agent, enabling him to get at the things when the train was in motion. This door was generally covered with a box, or some other express matter, but this night the load consisted chiefly of bullion, and there was nothing in the centre of the car.

I remained conversing with the agent for a long time. About half past two the engine was puffing up Ottumwa Hill. Slower and slower moved the train, until at last it stopped.

"There! I thought we would get stalled," remarked Duncan.

I got off and walked up to the head of the train, and gave orders for one-half of it to be run up to a station three miles beyond; and then for the engine to come back after the balance. The express, baggage and two passenger cars comprised the first, and the remainder of the train the last section.

At — the entire train was connected again. After a time I went ahead to the express car. For some reason I could not define I felt wrong in leaving Billy alone the half hour we had been getting up the hill; and it was this feeling that induced me to go and see if everything was right. I was surprised at finding the car door open,

and I was alarmed, and almost speechless, at finding Billy's arms tied to the handles of the trunk on which he was lying; a piece of strap and cloth in his mouth, and a string tied around his head, keeping it in place. The trapdoor in the car was thrown clear back. As soon as my nervous fingers could remove the gag, he gasped:

"John the dumper?"

"When?" said I, looking around.

"Gone! Jumped from the train! Has robbed the car!"

In a few words the situation was made plain. When the first section of the train was being taken up the hill, Billy, who knew we were stalled, tried to get up and fasten the outside doors, which were closed but not locked. He had partially succeeded in getting upon his feet when the trapdoor suddenly opened, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared. It was evident, by the surprise he manifested, that he thought no one was in the car.

"John the dumper!" gasped Billy.

"Yes, John the dumper!" he exclaimed, jumping out of the box and rushing upon him.

Billy was unarmed, although two feet away, in a rack for the purpose, were two navy revolvers. With his crushed foot he was unable to do much, and was overpowered and tied to the trunk. For fear of his voice, the ruffian had gagged him. He had then proceeded to rob the car. Taking the key from the messenger's pocket, he opened the safe. Fortunately, there was but little money, which he did not consider it worth his while to take. He then picked up several of the bricks, one at a time (and it was all he could do to lift one), and threw them out the car door. As soon as he had

completed his work, he opened the door wide, and, clinging to the railing, commenced to walk around the car. He had been gone about twenty minutes.

I reached up and pulled the bell cord. In a few seconds the train stopped, and at my order commenced to back up. I hurriedly informed the men connected with the train of the robbery.

About three miles back I discovered what appeared to be a man lying in the bushes down the embankment, and, stopping the train, Duncan and I went down to see. I cast the light of my lantern upon him, and recognized in the battered, bruised, and almost shapeless object the man with the wooden leg.

We carried him into the baggage car and examined him. His head was fractured in a most horrible manner, the brains oozing out from an indentation. His chest was crushed in as though hit with a heavy boulder. It is needless to say he was dead.

The man was found, and the silver could not be far away. A little searching found one of the bricks imbedded in the ground several inches, and the others, amounting to six, were all recovered.

And here my story ends. John the dumper, murderer and robber, was dead. Killed by jumping from the train.

An investigation showed that he had pried off the staple and lock from the door of the box, and had crawled in to conceal himself for the purpose of robbery. He was doubtless familiar with the trapdoor in the car. Not finding sufficient room, he had pushed the "jacks" and other things out of the box, and this it was that caused the scraping on the bottom of the car. He must have entered the box at Creston.

A NOBLE FAMILY.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, and even recollected by old gentlemen about town who were alive when the first exhibition was opened, lived some three or four members of an Irish noble family, who enjoyed a discreditable notoriety. Lord Barrymore, the eldest, ran a short career, and bore the nickname of Hellgate. His brother, the Honorable Henry Barry, was lame, or club-footed, and was dubbed Cripplegate; while the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Barry, even less reputable than the other two, went by the name of Newgate, for the rather illogical reason that he had been a tenant of every jail in the kingdom save that one. There was a sister, of whom little is known save that she became Lady Milfort, and that from her ready and copious use of oaths, she received from the refined lips of the Prince Regent the sobriquet of Billingsgate.

"His highly polished mind," says one of the toadies, speaking in praise of the eldest brother, "received its first classical embel-

lishments under the successful tuition of Rev. Mr. Tickell, at Wargrave"—a gentleman, it may be added, who received the nickname of Profligate. "At the age of fourteen he was removed to Eton, where his erudition was confirmed. . . . Discretion had planted her choicest seeds in his understanding; but he was destroyed ere the fertility and richness of the soil became palpable by a full harvest, acceptable to wisdom and to honor. . . . He was bursting hourly from the chrysalis, and would have been soon in full beauty, wing and request." These are the words of Williams, better known as Antony Pasquin, who belonged to what was an element in the society of the time, the buffooning libeller who made a subsistence out of the timorous. This fellow was a retained jester at the fast lord's house, required to promote fun and make his employer and the company merry. His coadjutor was Edwin the actor; and it is admitted that both earned their wages.

Lord Hellgate distinguished himself by bringing a thousand pounds pocket money to school. He came into a fortune of ten thousand a year, which in a short space of time he had contrived to charge with debts amounting to a couple of hundred thousand pounds, leaving him but a couple of thousand a year to live upon. His extravagance took the most fantastic shapes. His hunting retinue was like the French king's, and he went out with four Africans, dressed magnificently, who played on the French horn during the chase. All the low scum of boxers and cockfighters were in his train. At the same time he delighted in cricketing, then in its infancy, and even held a commission in a militia regiment, where he contrived to fulfil his duties respectably. There was no doubt that he had natural gifts and a good spirit, which, if directed to better things, might have helped him to make a figure. He could turn verses, and had a decided literary taste; and was so far musical, that, on returning home from a new opera he could give an idea of the overture. "His lordship," says a pleasant actor who knew him, "was the most eminent compound of contrarieties, the most singular mixture of genius and folly, of personal endowment and moral obliquity. Alternating between the gentleman and the blackguard, the refined wit and the most vulgar bully, he was equally well known in St. Giles's and St. James's. His lordship could fence, dance, drive or drink, box or bet, with any man in the kingdom. He could discourse slang as trippingly as French; relish porter after port; and compliment her ladyship at a ball with as much ease and brilliance, as he could bespatter a blood in a cider cellar." He was highly popular, the friend and companion of the Prince of Wales and of all the fast men of the time.

The stories told of his freaks give a good idea of the pastimes of the day. The most harmless of these take the shape of what are called "sells." Some of them were of the usual "fast" kind; he would take some "spirited companions," and going by night to some village or country town, shift all the various signs of the public-houses, transposing, say, the King's Head and the Red Lion, to the confusion of the owners and their customers. Often, as he and his brothers were driving in a hackney-coach, they would imitate the frantic

scram of a woman struggling, "Murder, murder! Let me go! etc.," when the passers-by would be attracted, follow, and finally stop the coach to rescue the sufferer. The fast lord and his friends would descend, fall on the interposers, who were quite bewildered to find there was no female in the coach, and administer a sound thrashing on the public highway. They would then proceed on their journey.

"Lord Barrymore's fondness for eccentricities," we are told, "ever engaged his mind. It was all the same, he was always in high spirits, thinking of what fun he should have during the day." With a ready versatility he knew how to secure this pastime as occasion offered. Thus having a very high phaeton which he would drive home after a night revel in town, he would whip right and left as he proceeded down the narrow Feather-bed Lane, destroying the windows on both sides, delighted with the noise as he heard them crash. This he called "fanning the daylight." Or he would be driving with a guest and his wild brother "Newgate" in his chaise-and-four, returning to his country-place, when, after some halt, the guest would find himself whirling along at a terrific pace, and discover that the postillions were in the rumble behind, and that the two brothers had taken their place.

Some new prank of his was always the subject of conversation. If he met an ill-conditioned wagoner on the road, who would not give way, his lordship would descend to fight it out; if the winner, he would present the man with a guinea, if the loser, he would shake hands good-humoredly. At Newmarket, he would burst into a group asking, "Who wants a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" "I do," was the eager reply from many quarters. "Then," said his lordship, "if I hear there is any such animal to be sold, I will let you know." At Brighton, he fitted a coffin to the back of his servant, taking the bottom off so as to leave room for the man's feet. This was carried with great solemnity to a gentleman's house in the Steyne, and left against the hall door. When the maid opened the door and saw this apparition, she shrieked and fainted away, and the family rushing down, a pistol was discharged which penetrated the coffin barely an inch above the servant's head. Did a

particular kind of mild beer run short at dinner, three chaises were sent off in different directions, charged to look for liquor, each returning after some hours with a cask inside.

But it was down at his own house at Wargrave that he had full scope for his humor. There he would collect the band of roysterers and "flappers," and butts, who furnished him with diversion, and there he was able to indulge his passion for the stage, building a handsome theatre, with saloons and other rooms adjoining. He brought down an eminent Covent Garden mechanist, who exhausted his skill in scenes, traps and other contrivances, so that such embarrassing works as pantomimes could be brought out successfully. Here a series of sterling comedies, such as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Every Man in his Humor*, were performed, supported by such amateurs of reputation as Captain Wathen, Mr. Wade, and professionals such as Palmer, Bannister, Johnstone, Incedon, Munden and others. Captain Wathen and the host excelled in *Archer and Scrub*, and were painted in these characters. Delpini, a well-known pantomimist, directed behind the scenes, and took the leading part in the pantomime; the "favorite *Pas Russe*, as performed at the Italian Opera, being danced by Lord Barrymore and Mr. Delpini." Nothing could exceed the reckless extravagance with which this hobby was carried out. The professionals were asked *en bloc*, and allowed to gratify every whim. All the caterers and mechanists were specially brought from town, and given *carte blanche*.

In the year 1788, the prince was induced to come down, occupying a splendid mansion close by; Lord Barrymore, whose house was too small, providing cooks and the rest of the entertainment. The performance did not begin till nine o'clock; all the rank and fashion of the county were present. The prologue was written at short notice by a son of Judge Blackstone, who roused his "fuddled" intellects for the purpose, by wrapping a wet towel round his head.

There was always a "full dress rehearsal," to which the rustics were admitted, and all the rows of the pit were duly filled with red cloaks and smock frocks. For the same reason the noble manager sometimes took the tickets himself, wrapped up in a

cloak so that he should not be recognized. He used to tell how one of the farmers presented a ticket that was not available for a particular night, and how, indignant at not being admitted, he threatened to tell James the footman, and get him sent away. The owner of the theatre on this, affecting to look discomfited, the rustic relented. "Coom," said he, "you seem a good sort of a decent sort o' man, and I tell you what, if you'll be agreeable, vy I'll be so. Here's a shilling for 'ee to let I go in." The host took the shilling, and enjoyed telling the story, though, perhaps, he did not quite relish the remark of the rustic, when he was told to whom he had given the shilling. "Vell, an he a lord, vot care I! Odds rabbit it; un he wanted to be treated like a gemman, vy didn't he tell me he was a gemman?" The wondering remarks too of the clowns in the pit were specially to his lordship's humor. Indeed this taste, though not of a bright quality, is found to have directed all his amusements, and in some degree redeems them from mere vulgar debauchery. He had the humor of his countrymen, or the humor they used to have. In this spirit, when the play was over, there was nothing he enjoyed so much as disguising himself and a friend for the purpose of following the audience home to the villages, and picking up their criticisms, which he retailed with delight for the performers at supper.

At these carnivals, however, the dramatic element was the least important. Fun and jollity of the most outrageous kind was what were chiefly sought. "I have known the little cottage," says Angelo, one of his adherents, "crowded, with at least five-and-twenty inmates, most of them men of talents, either as poets, players, singers, or celebrated as *bons vivants*." Everything was wild, disorderly, and irregular. Nearly all this band had to sleep, or rather lie down, in two small rooms, distinguished by the names of the upper and lower barracks. The night was devoted to orgies, and no one was allowed to retire until five o'clock in the morning, when sleep was allowed. Any one who stole away before that time, did so on the certainty of being "drawn," and receiving a Bacchanalian visit from the whole society.

Every morning, a council of the roysterers was held, to devise some humor for the day. In this duty Pasquin and Edwin were

invaluable. Thus, on some sultry day, it would be proposed that the revels should be *al fresco*. The cooks were marshalled, and put under the direction of "Jack Edwin," though any one who suggested a novelty became the hero of the hour. Some of these suggested freaks, however, were of a scandalous kind, and on one hot day it was actually proposed that the party should form a procession to the next village, and enter it *en chemise*.

The patronage of this convivial lord was, of course, as precarious as convivial patronage usually is, though his good-nature made him tolerant enough. He had taken a fancy to "a good-natured simple little squireen," who was dubbed Farmer Stone, and who was taken up to London and duly initiated into the ways of the town. Invited to stop a few days at Wargrave, he remained two months, when his lordship, growing tired of him, said to him, with a simple bluntness, "Be off; go to the devil!" The other replied in his country dialect, "No, doant you, my lord, send oi back. Let un stay a little." "Well, if you'll say a good thing you shall stay a week more." The dialogue is worth noting, as showing what was considered effective repartee in such society. "Well, then, I wishes as how I was the brother next to you, and that you was double-fettered in Newgate, and that you was to be hanged to-morrow!" "D—d good," exclaimed his lordship in delight. "Give me your hand; that is the best thing I ever heard you say. So to-morrow I shall take you to town, and you shall stay a month with me."

One development of the Wargrave humor was an institution known as the "Bothering Club," whose proceedings, which appear to have been of a diverting kind, have been described by one of the guests:

"This" says he, "was instituted for the purpose of playing off a confederate annoyance upon some stranger guest, invited for the purpose. Suppose a resident at the house, for instance, sent an invitation, by the connivance of his lordship, to some tavern companion, a grave topping shop-keeper in London, to come and pass a few days as a guest at his lordship's table, and to partake of the festivities at Wargrave. The person invited was received with great ceremony, and treated in the most courteous manner throughout the first day. On the second, some one, perhaps Anthony

Pasquin or the younger Edwin, two wicked witty ministers of his lordship's waggeries, would hatch up some fallacious charge against him, to place him in a ridiculous point of view to the other guests, most of whom were confederates in the hoax. One present would begin, 'Pray, Mr. Higginbottom, will you allow me to take wine with you?' "Sir, with great pleasure; but my name is Benson." "You are a wag, sir," was the reply. "Come, let us hob and nob, sir; but, 'pon my soul, you are so like Mr. Higginbottom, my neighbor in Elbow Lane, that—excuse me—I could almost have sworn—" "No sir, I assure you I know no gentleman of that name."

"At this moment a confederate enters, and, after bowing and apologizing for being so late at dinner, begins to tell his lordship the cause of his delay on the road, when he suddenly exclaims, 'Ah, my old friend Higginbottom! Well, this is pleasure indeed!'

"Indeed, sir, you have the advantage of me; I am not Mr. Hig—big—what's his name?" Then a loud laugh at Mr. Benson's expense, when he appeals to his friend who invited him thither, but he has purposely left the table. He then throws himself upon the protection of his lordship, who gravely observes, 'Sir, appearances are against you; your friend has disappeared, and—I know not what to think.' Benson, bewildered, begins to asseverate that he is identically 'John—Jabus—Benson'; when another adds to his embarrassment by declaring, 'Why, Higginbottom, you are smoked.' 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Why, sir, ha, ha, ha, that you are Isaac Higginbottom, mouse-trap and nutmeg-grater manufacturer in Elbow Lane, and the greatest wag in all London.' And these confederate jokers continue their play upon the worthy cit, artfully plying him with wine, until the fumes of the grape, working with his confusion, bemuddle his brain, so that he ultimately forgets whether he is Benson or Higginbottom.

"Another common frolic at the table, when strangers were present, was for one of the prime wits of the waggish coterie to assume the office of public accuser; when, in the midst of the banquet, some ludicrous or preposterous charge was preferred with mock gravity against some one of the guests. The accused, not dreaming of the roguish confederacy by which he is sur-

rounded, indignant at the accusation, flies into a rage, talks of his honor and reputation, when that arch-traitor to decorum, Anthony Pasquin, exclaims, 'Sir, I can believe anything against a man of your taste.' 'What do you mean, sir, by your daring insinuation?' 'Nay, do not bounce, sir,' retorts Pasquin, with insufferable calmness. "What—and I will appeal to the company—what is that gentleman not capable of, who shaves himself with the razor with which his wife cut her own throat?"

"Enraged past endurance, the gentleman would leave the room, when the door is locked, and every one vociferates, "Put it to the ballot.' The verdict is recorded and read, namely, 'That a man capable of such an offence against good taste must be sent to Coventry;' and the confusion and brawling that ensued left the accused no alternative but to quit the house at midnight, or enter into the frolic and ribaldry in self-defence, brave it out by becoming as noisy and as inebriated as the rest of the roaring madcaps."

His lordship was not exempt from some singular habits. On arriving at a strange house for the night, his servant's duty was to sew the top of the sheets and blankets together, to prevent the latter touching his face, which, we are told, was "delicately irritable," while the windows were always carefully hung with blankets three deep, to exclude the light.

Living then this strange existence, turning night into day, always in quest of "fun and jollity," this noble roysterer was destined to run but a short course. His death was sudden and of a very tragic kind. He was at Rye with his regiment—and curious to say, he was considered a very painstaking and efficient officer—whence he and some French prisoners were to be sent to Deal under escort. He applied specially for the duty of commanding the party, no doubt hoping for some "fun," or excitement. When they got outside Folkestone, the commander, always good-natured, halted at a convenient public-house, where he treated the whole party with beer and cheese. He was in great spirits, interchanged jokes with McBride, a jovial admiral, and delighted the landlady by chalking up the score behind the bar, in the usual publican's hieroglyphics, giving as he did so, an impersonation of "Hob,"

a favorite theatrical character. Being tired of marching, he got into his carriage, which was following, wishing to smoke.

He had his gun with him, which he had used as he marched along, to shoot any stray rabbits and gulls he might see on the roadside. Lighting his pipe, he handed his gun to his man, who held it awkwardly between his knees, when, as the good-natured master with his pipe was pointing out to him the coast of France, bidding him note how clear it was, the piece suddenly exploded, lodging the contents in his head. He lived but half an hour, groaning terribly all the while, and expired amid the lamentations even of the French prisoners. A cynic might find an appropriateness in the scene of his last moments—that public-house where he had been so cheerful but a few minutes before. He was no more than twenty-three.

He was succeeded by his brother the "Honorable Henry," known as the lame lord or "Cripple-gate." This gentleman, with the worthy parson, were said to be accountable for all the excesses of the elder brother, encouraging him in every conceivable way. The new lord had not the same bonhomie, nor the same love of fun. His humor took a very low shape, as will be seen from the specimens recorded. Mr. Richardson, who knew both, describes this second brother as a strongly built aristocratic-looking person, with a considerable share of sense, and such knowledge of the world, as is derived from mixing with the least amiable of its inhabitants. His excesses and oddities also became the public talk. He was considered very amusing, but as Mr. Raikes says, from his want of principle as well as his want of good taste, was avoided by persons of his own station.

One evening after dinner at Windsor, he got into discussion with a Colonel Cowper, as to the practicability of taking the castle, each illustrating his plans by wine-marks on the table. The colonel, a quiet inoffensive man, was seen to have clearly the best of the argument, when the earl, mystified and half tipsy, grew mischievous, and exclaimed, "You have forgotten the River Thames," and flung a tumbler of water in his face. A scene of confusion followed; but the plea of intoxication was allowed. This was brutal enough; but in the same key was his treatment of an old officer, which was considered at the same time a

good specimen of jovial manners. Lord Barrymore, it should be premised, had a favorite convivial song, the burden of which, "chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol lol de riddle low," was often rapturously choruised by his associates; and the old general, Sir Alured Clarke, who had served in America, was inclined to bore people with the rehearsal of his campaigns. The wild lord affected a desire to learn something of the Indians, and asked him "What sort of tribe were the Chip-Chows?" The old general, taken in by the sound, began at once to describe a tribe that was noted for its cruelty. With more interest still, his questioner then asked, "Who were the Cherry-Chows? Of what kind were they?" These were described as a cruel and barbarous race, who were besides known for the habit of eating their prisoners. On this the earl burst into a horse laugh, and with a noisy oath asked, "And what do you think of the Tol-lol-de-riddle-lows?" On which there was a roar from the boon companions assembled. But the old general, though made the butt of this gross buffoonery, behaved with dignity, and had the best of the joke. He rose from his seat, and as he quitted the room, said, "My lord, during my travels I have met many savages, but no such savage as yourself!"

Strange to say, this lord generally escaped chastisement, on account of the buffoonery that was mixed up with these insults. He had indeed a duel with a fat Mr. Howarth, at Brighton. A large crowd attended to see the sport, and was convulsed with laughter when the latter stripped himself to the waist, having an idea that portions of cloth, etc., were often driven in by the bullet. This comic spectacle took away the serious element, and after a random shot the affair terminated.

"Cripple-gate" married a girl in Ireland of no family, but whose sister made a conquest of an old French emigre—the Duke of Castries. He gradually sank into distress and difficulties, his house was assailed by bailiffs, whom it is said, when he gave a dinner, he used to dress up in the family livery. He had finally to retire to France, where he died in great poverty, his brother-

in-law, the Duke of Castries, now restored to his estates and honors, giving him shelter. "He was, with all his follies, a man," says one who knew him, "of a generous nature. He had nothing mean in his nature, and preserved his independence of spirit amid great temptations to subservency." One of his claims to fashionable reputation, was his having invented "The Tiger," the smart juvenile servant who, in those days, was seated beside the owner of the cab, and not standing behind. This tiger was Alexander Lee, whose name was many years ago found on popular ballads, and whose history, like all in connection with the old "fast" life, was disastrous. He rose from this low position to be joint lessee of the opera, when he formed an unfortunate attachment to Mrs. Waylett, the fascinating warbler of "Buy a Broom!" which amounted to an infatuation. This lady he married, and ruined himself to satisfy her caprices. When she died he removed from the lodgings they occupied; but, wandering about from place to place, he could find no rest, and returned to the same rooms. He locked himself in, and was found a corpse, doubled up on a chair beside the bed on which his wife had a short time before expired.

It only remains now to say something of the career of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Barry. "I believe," says one of his friends cautiously, "neither the nobility nor the church derived much advantage from his being a member of both classes. He had the curious faculty of exhibiting himself as a perfect gentleman or a perfect black-guard. It would be invidious to say in which of the two characters he most commonly appeared." He had his distinction, like his worthy brothers, and, as we have seen, was said to have been an inmate of every gaol in England, with the exception of Newgate. He, too, died in poverty and obscurity. Of Billingsgate, the sister of the three brothers, little more is known, save the faculty of uttering oaths before described. Altogether, it must be confessed, the Barrymores were a remarkable family.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER:

—OR,—

A REPORTER'S STORY.

BY M. QUAD OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

You know that the reporters on a daily paper are privileged to go and come as they like, and that they may enter a gambling den, a church, attend a reception or a prize-fight, and it's all a matter of business, and the outside public haven't any remarks to make. It's a singularly lawless life in some respects, and it would be strange if we didn't make some peculiar acquaintances.

In the year of our Lord 18—I was on the reportorial staff of a leading daily, in one of the Lake cities, and such a dearth of local news I never saw in any city before. The journal which employed my services, was a new venture, and therefore anxious to outstrip its older contemporaries in the matter of news, particularly local happenings. We had a jolly set of fellows on the staff, and we worked like farmers in a hay-field.

It was in June, and one day as we stopped for a moment under an awning to get out of the glare of the sun, I heard a strange rumbling of machinery. It was on a wretched unpaved street near the Lake, tenanted by the low and evil, and the building from which the queer rumbling noise came was an old tumble down shanty with most of its windows boarded up and the moss half an inch thick on the roof. One passing the house would have supposed it deserted. Stepping to the only lower window which was not boarded up, I looked through into a large square room whose walls were smoke-stained and dark. An old man was turning the handle of a strange piece of machinery, which was giving out a peculiar noise, and I became interested in a moment.

Suppose that I had fallen upon something "big?" It was a poor day for current news, and if I had found an old inventor and a curious machine, I might have secured the foundation for something interesting. As I was peering in at the window the old man looked up and caught sight of me. He flew mad at once, and seizing a club he

came running out. As he opened the door and took note of me he dropped the club, looked a little ashamed, and growled:

"I thought it was some of those boys again?"

"Would you have any objections to my taking a look at that piece of machinery?" I asked, after telling him my occupation.

"Wouldn't you call me crazy and make fun of me?" he inquired, in a very serious tone.

One glance at his wild restless eyes and nervous mouth would have told any one that his mind was not quite right, but I answered that I should be glad to examine the machine and say a good word for the inventor.

"One word," he said, as he pulled me in and locked the door; "do you believe that this world is round or flat?"

I of course believed that it was round, but it struck me that he might be hugging a contrary idea, and I answered:

"Why, flat of course?"

"Shake! Shake!" he exclaimed, holding out both his hands. "Of course it's flat, but for fifteen years everybody has been calling me a fool for saying so! I knew it all the time, and I knew the day would come when I would have support in my theory! Shake, sir, shake—I'm glad you called!"

He was a monomaniac, if not a lunatic; and understanding that the more I humored his theories the more fully could I draw them out, I agreed with everything he said, and finally he came to show me the machine.

"I've worked at it for eighteen years, and it isn't done yet," he whispered as he led me to it. "Swear that you will not steal the principle and cheat me out of the labors of a lifetime?"

"I swear," I replied, holding up my hand; and he continued:

"I haven't named it yet, so that I don't know what to call it. You must know, sir,

that for the last ten thousand years this world has been eating beans—white beans and black mixed together, sir, and that millions of dollars have been squandered and thousands of human minds wrecked in the vain effort to produce a machine which would separate the black beans from the white?"

I nodded my head in reply and put on a more serious look.

"Well, sir, I think I shall soon accomplish the object," he continued, patting the machine as if he felt proud of it. "I have toiled and toiled, been sneered at, called a lunatic, hooted by boys and jeered by men, but I have persevered through all trials, and now, in the course of a few days, the machine will be perfected, and the world will be astonished!"

It was a curious piece of machinery. It stood up on legs like a corn-sheller, and had the same kind of hopper, but then there were half a dozen wire sieves, many small cog-wheels and springs, and when the crank was turned every spring worked, every wheel turned, and there was a noise something like that made by three or four sewing machines running in company. It was certainly a very ingenious piece of mechanism, and no one but a master mechanic could have so arranged all those wheels and springs as to have them work in unison.

"You see," said the old man as I gave him praise for his mechanical genius, "the beans go into this hopper, white and black mixed, and as they fall down over the sieves they should separate and the black come out of one spout and the white out of the other. But, they get mixed up, and the grand principle is not yet solved."

His object was simply ridiculous, and it was ridiculous to think that running beans through a hopper and over sieves could separate white from black so long as the beans were of the same size. I picked up a handful of beans, saw that white and black were of equal size, and then I called his attention to the fact.

"In running wheat through a fanning mill," I said, "the cockle is shaken out together and the wheat together, because the wheat is the largest. So long as your beans are of the same size, you will always find white and black mixed, because they can both pass through the same sieves. Now, if your black beans were the smallest they

would drop through the sieves first and come out first, and you would avoid this mixing."

"You have solved it!—you have saved me!" he cried, throwing his arms around me. "I might have toiled on for a dozen years longer without striking the grand idea!"

The old man was intensely delighted for five minutes, hugging me and shaking hands, but all at once he fell back and said:

"But, white beans and black beans are of the same size, and will continue so, and so the grand problem is not solved, after all."

I saw that he was deeply grieved, and not wishing to declare his machine a failure I replied:

"That can be arranged. Congress must pass a law regulating the size of beans; and black beans must be the smallest."

"Saved! Saved!" he shouted, embracing me again. "Of course, it will be an easy matter to regulate the size of beans by a general law, and my machine is perfect as it now stands!"

After two hours spent in the old building I started for the office, promising to write up a full description of the machine and to add a paragraph urging Congress to pass the black bean law. It was a pretty good thing for a dull day, and I made the most of it, though taking care not to say anything to hurt the old man's feelings or dampen his ardor.

Next forenoon he was at the office an hour before my arrival, and when I came in he seized my hand and expressed his delight at the manner in which I had worked up the item.

"I shall give you a half interest at once," he said, "and as soon as the black bean law is passed and we commence manufacturing and selling you shall have all the proceeds and the business shall stand in your name."

It was evident that my article had won his gratitude and friendship, and the boys on the staff had many jokes at my expense for entering into partnership with "old Rogers" and his bean machine.

I did not meet the old man again for two weeks, and then I found him sitting on the wharf one day looking into the water. He had given up work on his machine, waiting now for Congress to pass the black bean law, and he had nothing to do. I cheered him up by telling him that the press of the

country was taking great interest in his invention, and that the law would probably be passed at the next session of Congress. I had been tramping around for hours without securing a line of news, and after our first greeting I began to complain, saying:

"Hang it! I wish there would be a fire, murder, suicide or drowning!"

"Do you?" he asked, innocent as a child. "Why, I didn't know as you wanted such events to come to pass."

I explained to him that I did not, except in a professional point of view; as a reporter I was anxious to make a good show of exciting news—as a citizen I did not wish any one bad luck.

"Um—umm," growled the old man, seeming to be reflecting, and in a little time he went away.

In less than an hour a warehouse on the dock was in flames, and before the firemen conquered them great damage had been done. No one knew how the fire had originated, but it was generally supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. I was standing near one of the steamers, the flames still raging, when some one touched me, and I looked around to find "old Rogers" at my elbow.

"This makes you feel good?" he whispered, a bland smile on his face.

"Professionally," I answered, also smiling, and he disappeared in the crowd.

About midnight on the night of the third day after the fire, while I was the only reporter on duty, I thought I heard an alarm of fire, and mounted to the roof of the office to make an examination. It was a false alarm, and after looking around for a spell I descended and went back to my table. Everything was as I had left it, except that a piece of yellow paper, folded in the shape of a note, was lying on my last page of manuscript. Greatly astonished, I opened it and managed to decipher the quaint old "pot-hooks" into the following:

"The body of C. S. Jackson, of firm of Jackson & Turner, is lying near Brown's wharf on bottom of Lake! Was knocked down on B—Street and thrown off wharf!"

I was fifteen minutes deciphering the note, hardly a word of which was correctly spelled. All the doors in the office were open, the night being warm, and I reasoned that while I was on the roof some one had come in and left the note. I was certain

that it had not come from coroner or police, and it looked strange that it should have been sent at all. I finally concluded that some of the composers had planned a "job" on me to make me a walk of several blocks for nothing, and I threw the note aside.

As a general thing I got through my work about one o'clock in the morning, and in going home, I always called at the Central police station for the last news. I had reached thus far on my way home that night, and was passing a few words with the captain, when a man, a private watchman, came in with a bloody hat which he had picked up on Brown's wharf. He said there were bloodstains on the planks and evidences of a struggle, and the strange note came to my mind again.

Three or four of us went down to the wharf, and sure enough it was pretty plain to be seen that murder had been done. There was blood all around, and a trail led to the edge of the wharf, as if the body of the victim had been dragged there and tumbled off into the Lake. Grappling irons were procured, and in half an hour we had a body on the wharf—the body of Mr. Jackson! He had been stabbed twice in the back and once in the thigh, and was undoubtedly dead before being thrown off the wharf.

Who could have committed so foul a deed? The victim was a well-known citizen, a large manufacturer, kind of heart and a Christian man, and his murder would create a profound sensation. The motive was not robbery, for his pockets had not been disturbed, and we could not conceive who should strike him down for revenge.

The coroner was called, a small crowd gathered, and having obtained particulars I was about to return to the office, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and I found "old Rogers" beside me.

"Big thing—first-class sensation!" he chuckled, pointing to the body.

"It's a horrible deed!" I replied as I walked away. He followed me about a block, saying nothing further, and all at once he disappeared.

I had the only clue which could be found to the affair—the note. Amazed and mystified at what had happened, I hurried to the office, tossed down my note-book and looked for the note. It had disappeared! I looked the room over, handling each piece

of paper, but it was in vain. The door had been locked, the gas turned out, and no one had been in the room. I had left the note on the floor, and yet it had disappeared! It was never found, and neither did the detectives ever learn who murdered Jackson. I sometimes think I never handled any such note, but saw it in a vision, and again I am positive that I found such a note, opened and read it and threw it away. I would give much to know, but I never shall know.

Three or four days after the murder, I was passing by "old Rogers's" den, and he shouted for me to come in. He was in excellent spirits, his eyes sparkling and his face wearing a broad smile.

"Lots of items—one hand washes the other!" he chuckled.

"Yes, lots of news lately," I replied, inspecting his bean machine, to see if he had been tinkering at it again.

"You help me—I help you!" he chuckled, but I supposed he had reference to what I had said about the machine, and therefore gave his words no weight. He had a wild cunning look about him, and as I glanced into his face as we stood at the door I said to myself that he would be in the insane asylum before he was a month older.

About dark that evening another warehouse was fired by an incendiary, and they came near catching him. As the flames were first discovered, a man was seen leaving the warehouse by a rear door, and but for his skill in dodging through a lumber yard, the crowd in pursuit would have nabbed him. The flames had started in a pile of hay, and despite the gallant exertions of the firemen, the building was consumed. I was a spectator with hundreds of others, when a voice whispered in my ear:

"Big item—will make half a column!"

It was my strange old man, and he was so excited that he could hardly stand still.

"They'll hang the scoundrel if they catch him!" I added, after telling him that it was an incendiary fire.

"But, they won't catch him—ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old man.

His eyes were wild and restless, and I thought to myself that his mind was entirely gone. He disappeared while I was talking with a fireman, and I soon forgot him.

The police now knew that some villain

was applying the torch, and there was great excitement and long searching, but they did not succeed in making any arrests. The rascal, whoever he was, was vigilant and active, and after a while it was concluded that he had left the city.

Nearly a month passed before I saw "old Rogers" again, and then he came to the office to have a talk with me about the bean separation. He said he had been out in the country to get the opinions of farmers regarding the machine, and that the majority of them thought Congress had better enact a law to have black beans the largest and white beans the smallest. This was just the opposite of what we had agreed upon between ourselves, but I told him that it was a better plan, and encouraged him to believe that the country was much excited over his machine.

"Any big items lately?" he whispered across my table as he was about ready to go.

"Not a one," I answered, with a laugh.

He chuckled in a strange way, and when I handed him out a few silver pieces, knowing that he was hard up, he shook my hand and whispered:

"I like you! You shall have all the profits of the machine, and I will board with you!"

In the suburbs of the city was an old building, fronting on the Lake, and having a dilapidated old wharf around two sides of it. The spot was a capital place for bathing, and was constantly haunted by the boys. Along towards evening of the day on which "old Rogers" came to see me, and while fifteen or twenty boys were bathing from the old wharf, one of their number went into the old mill for soap and towel, and when his friends came out they found him lying on the floor in an insensible condition. He had received a terrible blow on the head with a club, but his injuries were not fatal. When he was able to speak he could give no solution of the mystery. He was bending over to pick up his towel when the blow came, and he had not even seen any one around the building except his brother-bathers.

I went up with the detectives, and we settled it as an attempt to murder, though it was impossible to find the villain's motive. We found the club which had dealt the blow, and we saw how one could have stood behind the big post and struck the boy. No one had seen a strange man or boy enter

or leave the building; there was not the slightest clue to the perpetrator of the outrage. It was a strange case.

We had left the building and I was making my way through a lumber yard, alone, when "old Rogers" suddenly confronted me. It was then dusk, but I could see his eyes sparkle as he held out his hand and said:

"I was afraid you'd miss it! Big thing, isn't it! Can you put three heads over it!"

"It's a very singular case," I replied as we walked along; "I don't see who could have such a villanous heart."

"Of course we don't!" he whispered, nudging me with his elbow. "We've fooled 'em a dozen times, and we can again—ha! ha! ha!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, stopping and turning on him.

"O! It's all right—one hand washes the other!" he chuckled, and before I could question him further, he had disappeared.

A horrible thought entered my mind. Was "old Rogers" doing this work to make "items" for me? I banished the idea next moment as absurd. He was a lunatic, and his words about one hand washing the other were idle nonsense from his confused brain.

There was considerable excitement for two or three weeks, over the attempted murder, and during this time I did not once catch sight of the old man, and therefore almost forgot him. He at length made a call at the office again. It was after ten in the evening when he came, and I happened to be alone.

"Anything big?" he asked, as we shook hands.

"No—everything dull again," I responded.

"How would you like to get hold of the attempted suicide of an old man?" he asked, chuckling gleefully.

"Capital! Where was it—what's the name?" I inquired.

He leaned over the table, put his mouth to my ear and whispered:

"Come to my door at midnight! Don't be a minute before or a minute after! The door will be unlocked and you can push it open. Will you come?"

"I will," I answered. There was something so strange in his looks and words that I felt a chill go over me.

"Don't fail!" he said, as he departed.

I had to go out to get the particulars of an accident at one of the railroad depots, and when I had secured it, I lounged around one of the engine houses to pass away the half hour to midnight. I meant to be at the door of "old Rogers's" den just at twelve, but at twenty minutes to that hour, an alarm of fire was turned in from a box five blocks away. I would have time to ride down on the hose cart, see what was burning and return by twelve, and I went. There was the promise of a big fire. I got excited, and the first thing I knew the bells were striking midnight. I at first decided not to go near the old man, but something forced me in that direction.

I think it was twelve minutes after twelve when I pushed open the door and entered the den. A candle was burning on the table, and there, swinging from a hook in the ceiling was my strange old man, dead. He had attached a rope to the hook, made a noose in the other end, and had mounted a chair to swing off. The body was yet warm and hardly through quivering, but death was there.

I saw through it after a while, finding some rude writing on a paper which helped me. He had arranged to attempt suicide in order to give me an item! He had planned to swing off as he heard the bells strike, trusting that I would be at the door, push in and cut him down before it was too late. He had placed a knife on the table for my use, and but for the fire, everything would have come about as he had planned. On the paper he had traced the following sentences:

"Attempted suicide—old man—cut down in time—repentant—won't try it again!"

I had failed to be on time, and he had choked to death. Next day we looked over his effects, we found my newspaper articles about the fires and murders in his wallet, he having cut them out and preserved them. In an old blank book he had written:

"Must have news—will set another fire—big thing—kill another man—blow up the court house!"

I believe and so do you, that the old man's gratitude led him to commit arson and murder, that I might have startling news to write: but he was insane and I was unsuspecting.

A SWEET REVENGE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich old man, and he died, and, of course, left his riches behind him. He had no children of his own, but he had nieces and nephews and the question was, which of them was to have the old uncle's money, or if they were to share it among them.

A few years before, there would have been no doubt on the subject in anybody's mind; for then old Mr. Alden had living with him his youngest sister, with her little daughter, and everybody knew that he was fond of them, and would give them all his property when he died. He had said so many a time. But afterwards he got angry with them, and turned them out of the house. The reason was this; Mrs. Bond and Effie, those were the names of the sister and niece of Mr. Alden, had disagreed with him about something, and neither of the three would give up. The trouble was that Effie wanted to marry an honest young man whom she had long loved, and her mother wanted her to; but her uncle wanted her to marry a rich man old enough to be her father. The end of the matter was that Effie married her young man, and the uncle turned her and her mother away, and bade them never come near him again.

They were very unhappy about it, not so much for the money, for they believed that Mr. Clay, Effie's husband, would be able to support them, but because they loved Mr. Alden in spite of his harshness, and they knew that he would miss them very much. He would find people enough who would be good to him for the sake of his money, but no one would have patience with his whims, and care for him for his own sake.

But not a word would he hear from them. Their letters he returned unopened, and when they went to see him, he slammed the door in their faces. Then he sent for a nephew to come and live with him.

This nephew, Thomas Alden, the uncle had never liked, nor had any one else liked him. He was called a hard selfish young man, and not so young either; for at that time he was thirty-five years old. When he was a boy, his uncle would not allow him in the house; but now he seemed to have

improved in temper and manners. O! how kind and obliging he was! How fond of his dear old uncle! How pious and good to everybody! Never was there so remarkable a change in anybody as in Mr. Thomas Alden.

But for all that, any one could see that the old uncle did not take a fancy to him, that he disliked him indeed. When Thomas made any of his affectionate inquiries after his uncle's health, all he got in reply was a grunt, and when he used to talk fine, his uncle always laughed, and made some mocking speech. But for all that, it was known that Mr. Alden had made his will in favor of Thomas, and when he died, the nephew took possession of everything.

Meantime, Mrs. Bond and her daughter had not prospered. Mr. Clay had died and left his wife with two children to support, and no money to help them. They wrote once to Mr. Alden, entreating for help, telling him how hard they had to work, and what misery they suffered, but no answer came. And soon they heard he was dead.

Then, indeed, there was a dark prospect for them. They had always hoped that he would relent and take them back, or at least give them enough to save them from starvation; but that last hope was gone. Still they worked on, getting a little money for a good deal of work, and suffering anything rather than beg. And so four years passed, and they had gone from bad to worse, and a day came when they must beg or die. Mrs. Clay was sick, unable to get up out of her poor bed, where, indeed, she was half frozen, in the cold November weather, and they had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. Mrs. Bond put on an old hood and shawl, and prepared to go out. She was to take the children with her, partly because their mother could not take care of them, partly in the hope that people might pity them if they did not pity her. It was indeed pitiful to see either of them, for they were as thin as skeletons, had hollow hungry eyes, and were clothed in rags. But, then, people in cities get accustomed to sights of misery, and one may be very pitiful, yet not attract pity.

Just as Mrs. Bond was going out, a woman came up the stairs toward their attic, a very poor-looking woman, too, almost as miserable as herself. It was a former servant of Mr. Alden's, one who had lived with him when his sister and her child were there and when he died, but who had since been unfortunate. She had married a drunkard, and was as poor as poor could be. They sat down and cried together, and told their troubles, and then Mrs. Brian told a story that surprised the others. Mr. Alden had never received their letter telling him of their poverty, she said. Mr. Thomas had not given it to him, but had torn it up. She herself found it in his chamber in the waste-basket. But just as Mr. Alden was about to die, he heard, and told his nephew to send for them, and was always calling for them while he lived. Thomas kept telling him that they were coming soon, and that he had sent for them.

"And I think he made another will, ma'am," Mrs. Brian said. "For he and his lawyer wrote something, and Jack the gardener, and John the coachman, witnessed it. But when he died, there was nothing to be seen of it, and so they all kept quiet. I heard the lawyers say to Mr. Thomas that the old man had probably destroyed it."

This story set Mrs. Bond all of a tremble. Her brother had wanted to see her and Effie, and Thomas had kept them away. Of course they would have been provided for, and perhaps they were provided for, if only they could find that last will. But what could she, a poor starving woman, do? Who would listen to her? What lawyer would undertake her case?

She got up and staggered dizzily out into the street, with little Effie in her arms, and poor ragged Willie clinging to her shawl. They walked and they begged, and no one gave to them. Ladies in rich clothes, and gentlemen who looked as if they owned tens of thousands passed by them, but no one heeded the thin outstretched hand, or the haggard faces of the starving children.

"Can I go back empty-handed?" thought Mrs. Bond, desperately, as the hours passed, and it came toward evening. "Can I go back and see my daughter and her children starve to death?"

She was standing in the middle of a broad crossing, hesitating whether to go on or back, when a very nicely dressed gentleman passed her. His coat and hat shone

like satin, he carried a silk ivory-handled umbrella in his hand, and a pretty brown and white spaniel trotted along by his side.

As this man passed her, Mrs. Bond recognized him; and the sight made the blood start in her chilled veins. "Thomas Alden, I am starving, I, and Effie, and her children?" she cried out.

He turned a startled face, and stared at her a moment before he could believe that this ragged and haggard wretch was his aunt whom he had last seen a lady.

"Give me money to buy food!" she cried, holding out her hand. "It is my right. He never meant me to starve, and you know it."

Mr. Alden glanced hastily about to see if any one had heard her, but no one was near. "You are an insolent impostor!" he said, angrily. "Say another word to me, and I will call a policeman!"

"Give me money, for pity's sake!" she plead in a lower voice. "I will never claim you as a relative. I will never tell anything. But give me money to keep us from starving!"

He raised his umbrella as if to strike her. "I will never give you a cent. Go and ask the city's help. You are nothing to me. Out of the way, I say!"

Her hand dropped, she said no more, only stood there looking after him till he was out of sight. Then she turned and staggered homeward. Slowly, step after step, with the crying children clinging to her, she tottered homeward, thinking every moment that she must fall.

"O God! Let me only reach Effie, and then we will all lie down and die together," she said with a groan.

She reached the stairs, and climbed wearily, trying to hush the children, and when she had climbed to the attic and got the door open, she fell into the room, instead of walking in. But before she fell, she saw something that made her think that she was losing her mind. There sat Effie up in bed, with her face flushed joyfully; there beside the bed was a table set out with food, and a man and a woman stood near.

When she came out of her faint, she heard Effie saying, "Courage, mother dear! our troubles are over. The will is found! Mrs. Brian has found it! We are rich now."

Sure enough! Mrs. Brian, finding herself very much stirred up by the condition

of her old mistress, had gone that very day to the house where Mr. Alden had died. It had been let with all the furniture in it. She told the lady what she wanted, and the two went to the room where Mrs. Bond's brother had died. There they found the will pushed through a slit in the mattress, and the will left all of Mr. Alden's fortune to his sister and her daughter.

A lawyer had been called on immediately, and the witnesses found, and there remained only to take possession of their property.

But what was the sweet revenge? It was

this: When Thomas Alden heard what had happened, he flew into such a passion that he brought on an attack of apoplexy; and there he was, a poor and helpless man, with not a friend in the world. Some would have left him so, but not Mrs. Bond and Effie. They took him home, and took care of him as long as he lived. If he had been their best friend, they could not have been more kind and generous to him.

Nor did they forget Mrs. Brian, you may be sure. She never again knew what want is.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

IN the State of New York there are a few thinly-populated counties, which are nearly covered with dense forests of hemlock. The trees are of but little value for timber, but their bark is extensively used for tanning purposes. And, it being easier for Mohammed to come to the mountain than for the mountain to go to Mohammed, quantities of hides are imported from South America, and other countries where wild cattle are abundant, and taken to these forests to be made into leather. Extensive tanneries are built, with little villages of laborers' houses about them; and a short distance from these may usually be seen an imposing mansion, the residence of the owner of the tannery. The proprietors of these tanneries are necessarily men of wealth, and they have an absolute control over their laborers, as the landholders of England exert over their tenants.

Lucy Drumgold sat in the drawing-room, with a basket containing numerous balls of bright-hued wools beside her; her slender pink-tipped fingers diligently engaged in stitching the pattern of an elaborate bouquet of roses and lilies into a piece of soft-colored velvet, designed for a chair-cushion. Her father was the owner of one of these tanneries of which I have been telling, and a man of influence in his county. His tannery and its surroundings were known as the village of Beech River, and it was situated in a picturesque valley, with the loveliest of wild scenery about it.

Lucy was not the only occupant of the room. Her brother Rob was lounging upon a sofa, ostensibly reading a book; but in reality watching with eager restless eyes a still slender figure at the opposite end of the long room. All unconscious of his gaze, Celeste Halbert stood at the oriel-window, her face turned away. With her outward eyes she saw to the right the tannery, a long dark building, and clustered about it the low wood-colored houses. Before her was the lawn, partially shaded with firs and beeches, and gay with flower-beds, arranged in graceful shapes. Beyond it swept Beech River, a bright silver stream. To the left was a mountain cov-

ered with dark hemlocks, the cloud-shadows floating over it; and above and around all was golden sunshine, a blue sky and a perfect June day.

But Celeste saw none of this. Her great brown eyes looked straight before her, beyond the brightness of the summer day, into the gloom of her future life. Over her mental vision dawned a drear November sky, and a pall of winter wind and sleet seemed to dampen and chill her spirits and weigh them down. She was Lucy's schoolmate and dearest friend, both having graduated but a few days before. She had come home with Lucy to spend the summer, and for the future there was all manner of delights in store for her; for she was a beauty, a belle and an heiress. But now! Only twelve hours before she had received the announcement that her fortune had been suddenly swept away by the speculations of an unjust guardian, and she had only two slender hands between her and future want. And they were such helpless hands! Lucy, delightfully impractical, since she had never known the want or value of money, had arranged it in her own mind and generous heart, that Celeste should spend the remainder of her days at Beech River; but Celeste knew this could not be.

At this moment Lucy paused in her work, and drawing a skein of delicate pink wool from the basket beside her, she slipped it over the back of a low chair and began to wind. But the skein knotted and tangled provokingly; and as her patience was so seldom tried, she had but a small stock on hand for use.

"O Celeste!" she called, in a voice that resembled a grieved wood-robin's; "O Celeste! what shall I ever do? The only skein of the shade this side of the city, and just see how tangled it is! My rose will be quite spoiled without it."

Celeste turned slowly from the window, and took the skein from Lucy's impatient hands. There were tears of vexation in Lucy's childish blue eyes, but Celeste's were hard and dry.

"Perhaps I can wind it, dear," she said.

With a little murmur of profuse thanks, Lucy subsided into the depths of her easy-chair, while Celeste patiently undid the knot and wound the skein. Rob, still silent over his book, watched the two girls. Lucy was a delicate blonde, as dainty as a white lily; but Celeste was a very vision of beauty. An oval face, with a pale creamy complexion, brown dreamy eyes, arched brows, smooth forehead and rich scarlet lips; and all framed in abundant braids and bands of jet black hair. A form slender, but beautifully moulded, willowy and quietly graceful; a thorough-bred patrician air about all she did or said, a voice like a siren's, and a smile and glance like sunlight.

Rob had a blonde complexion, and hair like his sister's, but, unlike her, he was tall, strong and muscular. He was a young man of fine mind and noble generous impulses, and on this particular morning a struggle was going on in his heart. He was only twenty-one, his collegiate education unfinished. He knew his father had a course of travel mapped out for him as soon as he left college; and knew, too, that he expected great things of him and his future, for he was an only son. But he loved that sweet woman who, with a face paler than usual on account of her recent trouble, patiently bent over her task, and he wanted her for his own.

There was a slow firm step in the hall, and Mr. Drumgold paused a moment at the open door.

"Robert," he said, "I wish to see you for a few moments in the library."

Rob rose dutifully, and followed the footsteps into the library. When both were seated, Mr. Drumgold began:

"Robert, there are turning-points in every young man's life, and I believe you have reached one now."

"How so, father?" Rob asked, quietly, but with a foreboding in his heart as to what was to come.

"You are in love with Celeste Halbert?" he replied.

Rob started to his feet.

"My son," resumed Mr. Drumgold, testily, "I beg you will not annoy me with such abruptness of manner. It is not necessary for you to confess it, for every member of the household is aware of it. Of course, I don't blame you in the least. The girl is beautiful enough to lure any

impulsive young man like yourself to his ruin."

"Father," trying to keep down his anger, "it is strange you never thought it necessary to warn me before."

"No heroics, Robert, if you please. I dislike them, exceedingly. Heretofore there has been no warning needed. I knew you were in love with the girl, but I was sure you had no idea of immediate marriage. She has been unfortunate in losing her property, and, as she has no near relatives to care for or support her, it is not unnatural for you to wish to do both. No doubt you are quite ready to die for her, or do any other impossible thing. Now, I do not wish to discuss the subject at all; I have a command and a suggestion to make, and then you may go. I forbid your marrying before you are twenty-five years of age. And I think it better for all of us to have Miss Celeste leave the house within a week."

For a moment Robert stood regarding his father attentively. There was no pity in the old man's gray eyes; not a relenting curve in the thin firm lips.

"Father," he said, at last, "have you anything to say against Celeste?"

"Nothing," Mr. Drumgold answered, sharply, "except that she is a woman, and a beautiful one, too. And if I had my own way, you should not speak to a woman in the next five years."

Robert turned and walked slowly away. Meantime, Celeste had finished the skein, and tossing the ball into Lucy's lap, she turned again to the oriel-window.

"You're such a darling!" purred Lucy, in a kittenish way. "I never could have any patience with a tangled skein. And this one ran very smoothly at first, and then suddenly resolved itself into one grand snarl."

"It is like my life," answered Celeste, with a little desolate shiver. "It ran so smoothly for a time, but now it is one grand tangle. I wonder if it will be always so?" drearily.

"No," chirped Lucy, as she rose to leave the room. "I predict," sagely, "some pretty little romance for you, ending in sunshine, as all proper romances do."

She ran up to her room, and while her footsteps were still upon the staircase, Rob entered the drawing-room. As he ap-

proached Celeste, she took in with one glance her wonderful beauty and the harmony of her attire. A black dress, thin, airy and trailing, coral fastening the lace at her throat, and coral in her dark hair; all was in perfect keeping. Reason told him it would be best for him to give her up altogether, but his heart cried out, "She must be mine!"

She turned as he drew near, and the sorrowful look in her face was too much for him to bear. It was such a fair, fair face! with a brooding desolate look upon it; such a sweet womanly face! and the dearest in the world to him. He took it in his hands, and kissed the red grieved lips and the white drooping eyelids.

"Darling!" he whispered, softly. And then the face, aflame with a bright rose tint, was lost to mortal ken for a moment, as he had her in his arms.

"O Rob!" choking a sob in her throat. That was all; but it revealed to him all the trouble and grief in her lonely heart more eloquently than any lengthy address could have done.

He opened his lips to speak, but what could he tell her? What can any man who loves a woman say to her but the truth? So he told her all—his love, his father's commands.

"But you are all the world to me," he said, in conclusion.

She interrupted him.

"No, not all the world, Rob, or you would not hesitate a moment; still, I am satisfied if I am the larger half of it, as your truthfulness has proved to me."

"But I am going to do exactly as you say, darling," he replied.

"Do you think I would be a millstone about your neck?" she asked.

"You could never be that, Celeste."

"I could, but I never will."

"You do not mean that I must give you up, darling? I would renounce the whole world first."

"You are to give up nothing," she answered.

"Celeste, do you love me?"

"I will wait for you," she said.

A few weeks thereafter Celeste was upon the ocean, bound for Havana. Thanks to her knowledge of Spanish, she had been engaged as governess to the daughter of a wealthy Cuban planter, a widower, whose wife had been an American. His sister,

middle-aged, aged, and ugly both in form and feature, engaged Celeste; and, with the child, Viola, accompanied her on the voyage from New York. The weather was soft and mild, and the first evening out Celeste sat upon deck, almost happy when she reflected that she was taking care of herself while waiting for Rob. There was only starlight, and as they moved along, seeming to swing lazily in midair, with the sky above and below them, Celeste twirled the diamond upon her finger thoughtfully, for it was Rob's last gift to her. A sudden movement of the vessel, how or why she could never tell, for the sea was smooth, and the ring slipped from her slender forefinger, and was lost in the water below. An almost irresistible impulse to plunge into the water and follow it came over her, but she shook it off, and going below, she crept into bed and sobbed herself to sleep.

From the first Viola seemed an interesting child. She was accustomed to travel, and so was not shy, yet she was not overbold. She spoke English with a pure accent, but her aunt usually conversed in Spanish. She was a short dark woman, with a forbidding expression of countenance, and as she was always bewailing her lot, her name, Dolorite, suited her well. Her dress, a shabby and faded silk, she wore both night and day; but her fat fingers were covered with costly diamonds that glittered as unpleasantly upon Celeste's sight as did the owner's weird eyes.

They passed stormy Hatteras, and, shooting out to avoid the Gulf Stream, soon reached the crystal sea around the the Bahamas; with the deep blue of the tropical skies above them, and the white coral reefs below. All this was new to Celeste, and she would have enjoyed it thoroughly only for the loss of her ring. This preyed upon her mind, in spite of all her efforts to overcome it. When they reached Havana, and anchored in the bay, little Viola looked anxiously about in the little sailboats which came to convey the passengers on shore, for her father, one hand closely clasping Celeste's, meanwhile.

"I want to introduce you to my papa," she said, "because I love you."

Then turning to look again, she gave a little scream of delight, and threw herself into the arms of a gentleman whom she announced to Celeste as her father, *Senor*

Pedro Laramello. He was a handsome man; or would have been, only there seemed something in his bright black eyes so very like his sister's. A sinister expression; but it was not there always, and never when he looked upon his child.

The custom-house safely passed, they entered two separate volantes, and rode to the railway depot; for Senor Laramello resided upon his plantation, which was situated a few miles distant from Havana.

Celeste gazed upon the country about her, wondering if she had not by some chance been spirited into Central Asia, everything was so strange. Havana, with its many-colored houses, had appeared singular enough, but the country, with its stately palms, some standing singly, some in colonnades; its cocoa-trees, bending like an aged man under the weight of years; its few squalid houses, with here and there the ruin of some ancient wall or dwelling, looked very dreary, very unlike anything she could ever call home.

When the house was reached, Celeste begged to be shown at once to her room. It was cool and comfortable, with its marble floor, its cane-seated chairs and lounges, the doors reaching but half way to the ceiling to allow a free circulation of air. The building, like all Cuban houses, was low and rambling. But it was elegantly furnished, and willing slaves were always ready to do the slightest bidding of Celeste.

She received one letter from Rob, one manly precious letter, and then she heard from him no more. She wrote him, once, twice, thrice, but no answer came. Day by day she watched and waited, her desolate heart filled with sad forebodings, but her watching was in vain. She grew thinner, paler; her form was languid, and her smiles were shadowy, when they came at all. She devoted herself assiduously to little Viola, winning the love and trust of the child. One day, while teaching her embroidery, she came to a skein of knotted silk.

"It is worthless," she said to a servant, "take it away." Then more quietly to herself, "I cannot bear a tangled skein."

Meanwhile, the house was gay with invited guests. Sumptuous entertainments were given by Senor Pedro and his sister; balls, fetes and brilliant banquets followed in quick succession. Celeste avoided these at first, but gradually, at the urgent solici-

tation of Senor Laramello, she joined the revellers. She was a fine pianist, and possessed a sweet clear voice, and soon became the life of these entertainments.

Still she received no tidings from Rob. Even Lucy had forgotten her; for, after the first month of her stay in Cuba, she had no letter from home. Their letters could not have been miscarried, she argued with herself, for the first ones came in safety. Lucy had ceased to care for her, Robert was untrue.

One day when there was little company, and it was growing toward evening so they could venture out in the sun, Celeste accompanied Senor Pedro out to view the sugar mills, and watch the slaves as they gathered the coffee-berries and spread them out to dry upon the long platform prepared for them. The senor spoke tolerable English, and as he conversed with Celeste in a low voice, something in his look and tone struck her suddenly—was it a pang, or a thrill of joy? He loved her—she was very sure. Then she remembered that though she had been a member of his household for more than a year, though she had been far from friends, and completely in this man's power, he had never been unpleasantly familiar, had never caused her to feel her dependence in any way. Yet he was ever thoughtful of her comfort. She was too warm, and the volante was immediately drawn into the shade. She was thirsty, and a glass of wine was at once forthcoming, brought by a slave at her master's bidding, together with a pomegranate ripe and fair. She paled suddenly as these things dawned upon her mind. Was the senorita weary? If so, they would return. No, she was not weary, she told him, and then she sighed.

"The senorita is sad, then," he persisted. "She is grieving for the friends she has left behind."

She looked up into his eyes. There was only tenderness in them now, and it made his whole face beautiful. She trembled; was it with fear or pain?

"I am sad," she answered, desolately, and she looked far away to where a white ship was coming over the sea. Then she turned and looked him full in the face with her sad beautiful eyes. "But it is because I have no friends. They do not care for me; though I thought that they loved me once."

Senor Pedro's face lighted with sudden passion.

"Do not say you have no friends!" he said. "I love and adore you, my pale, pale northern flower! Be my wife, and I will be more to you than all your false friends could be, were they ever so true!"

He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. She glanced toward the sea, but a mist came over her eyes, and the bright tropical flowers near the roadside seemed to blend like the hues of a rainbow, and shut everything else from her sight.

"Promise me!" he exclaimed, eagerly, "promise me!" And he bent low to look into her face.

But her thoughts wandered to the past, and the sad memory-bells chimed, softly, "*I will wait for you.*" Faint at heart she answered him:

"I cannot tell you now; I am weary, ill. Please take me home!"

"To-night then," he pleaded; "answer me to-night."

"To-night," she echoed; and with another kiss, he turned to conduct her to the house.

When she reached it she threw herself upon a couch, wishing she might never rise again. Then for two long hours she struggled with her sorrow, alone. A servant entered the room noiselessly, and brought upon a silver salver rich fruits; oranges and bananas, with a cluster of orange blooms in the centre. She knew whose watchful care had sent them, and she kissed the floral offering, solemnly resolving to reward his love. Dressing her hair, she carefully arrayed herself in a rich dress of mingled black and white lace, and drew the orange blossoms through her dark braids.

Again the servant entered, this time with a casket and a note from Senor Pedro. If her answer was yes, she was to wear the enclosed jewels, and meet him near the orange-grove before the house, in half an hour. She opened the casket, and taking from it rarer diamonds than she had ever seen before, she placed them on her graceful neck and white rounded arms. Then, when the half hour struck she rose, and, whiter than the orange-blossoms, she went out to where Senor Pedro with a few guests near him, paced slowly backward and forward through the grove. With the first gleam of her dress in the doorway he

turned to meet her. He put out his hands, and stooping, kissed her tenderly. Then, drawing her hand within his arm, he announced her to his friends as his future bride. Celeste felt his protecting arm; she heard the congratulations of the guests; the breath of the orange-grove was sweet, and the whole scene was fair to the eye. What more could she ask?

Two years passed by, and the scourge of yellow fever swept the island, leaving many homes desolate. At the villa of Senor Pedro, Viola was the first victim. Her father, dying a few hours after, was buried in the same grave with her. Dolorite and Celeste were both attacked with the disease, but slowly recovered.

One day Celeste was examining some of her husband's private papers, and she came to a large envelop addressed to herself. Slightly surprised, she opened it. A bitter cry burst from her lips when she broke the seal and saw the contents. There were ten letters—she counted them eagerly—from Robert, bearing different dates, and directed to Celeste Halbert, in Senor Pedro's care. They had all come before her marriage, and were filled with entreaties and loving words. The last one bade her farewell, saying he had received a letter from Dolorite announcing her approaching wedding. Senor Pedro had withheld them from her, assisted, no doubt, by Dolorite. There was no word of explanation. Pedro was dead. He had loved her; she would not speak of it to Dolorite.

But she made all haste to return to New York. There was nothing to detain her now. She had been for months a widow, and the wealth she had once inherited from her father was a mere pittance compared with that she possessed now. She would go at once and tell the truth to Rob, even though he might be married, and care nothing for her now. Upon reaching New York, she set out at once for Beech River. The village was not situated on the railroad, it was twelve miles from the nearest station. While waiting here for the carriage to take her to Mr. Drumgold's, Celeste made some inquiries concerning him of the woman in waiting.

"Dear me!" was the answer. "Why you couldn't have been here lately, ma'am. Mr. Drumgold drank himself to death months ago, and left things in a dreadful state, for the firm failed a few weeks since."

Even the men's wages are not paid, and they are all in fearful want. Young Mr. Drumgold hasn't the credit to get him a barrel of flour, even, and the tannery families have lived on potatoes for two weeks. If it had been the old gentleman, the house would have been burned over his head before this. As it is, the tannery has been fired twice, but Mr. Drumgold was on the watch, and he got the men to put it out. I wonder he don't leave, but the house is to pass into his creditors' hands, and he is waiting for it to be settled. It's not much of a place to visit at this time, ma'am."

Celeste turned away. The carriage was waiting! "I wish to go to some flour and provision store," she said to the driver, as she entered it. They were soon reached, and Celeste purchased large quantities at each, ordering them sent to Beech River at once.

When they came to the village, she glanced out and found the buildings were little changed since she saw them, years ago. But the tannery was closed, and men in little knots of two and three each, were gathered together here and there, a dark, almost desperate look in their faces. There was a little store where Mr. Drumgold had dealt out the necessaries of life to these men, but it was closed. Celeste halted as she drew near.

"Who has the key to the store?" she asked.

"God help us!" exclaimed one of the men. "It matters little to us. But I believe Mike has it, ma'am."

"I have it," answered the man designated as Mike. "But sorry a thing to ate is there in it, ma'am."

"No matter. You are to open it, for there are flour and provisions on the way. Put them in their places when they come; these men will help you. Now," to the men who were crowding about the carriage, "have you anything to show what is due you for your labor?"

A score of dirty slips of paper were handed to her at once; due-bills, all bearing Rob's name.

"These shall all be redeemed," she said, her lips moving unsteadily. "And you are to get whatever you wish to eat from the store, besides."

Some looked incredulous, some cried "God bless you!" and others seemed moody still. Celeste opened her purse, and took from it a handful of small gold coins. "You are to pay these men for helping you," she said, to Mike, and she dropped the gold in his hand.

Gold! and they were starving! A loud shout rent the air. Hats were tossed above their owners' heads, and unsteady voices called down blessings from heaven on their deliverer. She waved her hand, and rode away.

The door was open, she did not stop to ring. She glanced through the long drawing-room; the one she sought was not there. She passed on to the library. A young man sat before the centre-table, his head bowed upon it. His left hand hung by his side, his right grasped something which glittered in the light which came from the window. It was a revolver.

"O Rob!" Celeste called quickly, fearing it was too late.

He raised his head and disclosed a pale despairing face.

"O Rob!" and the tears rained down her cheeks. "I never received your letters, dear, they were kept from me; as I suppose mine were from you. I am a widow now. And, O my darling! I have loved you all the time!"

It was long before he could understand her—long before he could believe the blessed truth. But that evening, just before sunset, when there was not a hungry soul in Beech River, the laborers were bidden to the lawn in front of the mansion, and there before them all Rob and Celeste were married.

The tannery passed into other hands; and when Rob's affairs were settled satisfactorily, he and Celeste bade adieu to Beech River, and went to seek another home in the old world "over the sea."

A TEAPOT.

BY LOUISE DUPEL.

It was Saturday night, that blessed bit of cheer and candle-light which lies between the weary work-a-day week and the happy rest of Sunday. Dilly's trim little room had a real holiday air, and Dilly herself was amazing in a brand-new calico gown, and with red ribbons in her hair. The light seemed to burn more brightly than on common occasions, and the red roses on the wall paper seemed like veritable summer-roses that mistook the candle-light for sunshine, and were brightening under its influence. The teakettle sang its jolliest song; Dilly always imagined that it reserved that song for Saturday night, and sang sober soft home-tunes all the rest of the week to make its holiday glee the more marked and merry. The fire snapped and crackled so that its very sound would have made you warm, though it was a frosty night; and Dilly's gray cat Jemima washed her demure face for the twentieth time, as she sat on the cosy hearthstone, purring in concert with the teakettle.

Dilly's rosy face shone with satisfaction as she poured out a bit of tea for brother Tom in the palm of her hand, and set it a steeping in a funny fine old teapot which might have been used some day by an old maid fairy, so prim-looking it was and so tiny. It looked as if it could tell tales of gossip itself, and it did to Dilly, though it could not speak, for it had belonged to her great-great-grandmother, and her mother had prized it above all things when she was living, and used to tell her of the grandeur of the people who had condescended to drink the fragrant liquid which poured from its peculiar nose. Titled English people they were, Dilly's ancestors. Dilly's mother herself was born in England, fairy-land to the little girl. Her parents were proud of their old name and fine estates, and when she married a poor artist against their wishes, they disowned her entirely; her father declared that she should never enter his house again. The young couple came to America with nothing to depend upon save their strong hearts and strong hands, and for a while fortune favored

them. The husband was a true artist, and his pictures were recognized as bearing the touch of a master-hand from the first. Two children were born to them, Tom and Dilly, and they were as happy as happy could be in a little bird's nest of a cottage just out of town.

But in the midst of all their happiness the father suddenly sickened and died; and after a long struggle with poverty and hard work, the mother died also, leaving Tom, aged fourteen, and Dilly, aged eleven, to the mercy of the world. A few old pictures, a few straggling bits of furniture, and a diamond ring, which was a gift in her happy girlhood, and the only article of jewelry which she had been able to keep, was all she had to leave her children. They had no friends, and not even a shelter for their poor little heads. But they were brave little folks, full of strength and courage, and for a long time Tom had nearly supported the family. He worked as errand boy in a store all day, and carried papers for a newsdealer at night. After their mother died a good woman took pity on them, and let them have a room in her house for about half the usual rent. She was poor herself, and was often put to sore straits in order to exercise this charity; but if it did make her purse light, it made her heart light also. It was a cosy little room. The windows were cheery and pleasant, looking out on the great avenue which led to the city; and such a brave, deft-handed little housekeeper as Dilly is seldom to be found! She kept her little abode as neat as wax, and made the most tempting bread imaginable, if she was only eleven years old. To be sure, her poor little toes were often out of her boots, and sometimes the cupboard was very bare, and sometimes the coal would give out when the weather was as cold as Greenland, and there would be no money in the house with which to buy any more. But for all that, they were very happy and contented. There were better times coming by-and-by. Dilly was sure of it, and Tom's air-castles were as high as ever were builded, and as grand, too.

That night Tom was late. The tea was steeping too much, and the biscuits were getting quite cold, though Dilly watched them anxiously every moment, as if by this means she could keep them warm. "Why doesn't he come?" she kept saying to herself. "I'm afraid something has happened to him."

The clock on the church over the way struck seven, and still he did not make his appearance. Dilly's rosy little face grew very long and anxious. Even Jemima opened her great lazy-looking yellow eyes and looked toward the door with a sort of disappointed air, as if she might be thinking, "My wonderful toilet was for nothing, after all." But at last, when the teakettle's voice had all died away, the fire was growing dim, and the room had lost half its cheer, Dilly was sure that she heard his step, and sprang to the door to meet him.

"Dear me, Tom! you're so late," she began; but at sight of his face she stopped in dismay, he was so anxious and sorry-looking.

"What is the matter, dear Tom? Do tell me what has happened," she said.

"Matter enough," said Tom, moodily. "I've lost my place. Turner has sold out to another man, and the other man has a boy engaged already, and doesn't want me. He's coming right in Monday, too. I say it's mean to turn a fellow away like this, without any warning at all. Goodness knows where we shall get anything to eat now!"

Dilly clasped her two brown hands despairingly, but she tried to speak cheerfully.

"Never mind, Tom. We shall get along some way. You'll get something else to do by-and-by. Perhaps I might get something to do too. I have been thinking of it this long time. I ought not to let you do so much, and do nothing but keep house myself. Mary Brown isn't but a year older than I am, and she has a dollar and a half a week for taking care of Mrs. Harris's little boy. She doesn't do much but draw him out in his carriage, either."

Tom looked down with a sort of tender scorn at his little sister, who was remarkably small for her age; in fact she was not much larger than Mrs. Harris's baby, and always reminded him of some funny little housewife fairy when she handled pots and kettles with such a practised hand.

"What could such a mite as you do any more than you do now?" said he. "Then, situations of any kind aren't so easy to get. Turner praised me up, and said he was sorry for me, and all that; but what good did it do me?"

There were tears in Dilly's eyes, and he checked himself suddenly.

"Don't cry, sis. As you say, we shall get along some way. Mrs. Morse will wait a little while for her rent, and the money I get for carrying papers will keep us from starving. I say, let's have supper, and don't think any more about it."

"It's all cold," said Dilly, with a half sob, surveying the dainty little table desolately.

"Never mind," said Tom. "I'm hungry enough to eat anything. Got anything to eat in the house for to-morrow? I have only enough money left to buy some coal. We can't go without coal in this weather, you know. If we'd only known what was going to happen, we might have been a little more careful."

"No," said Dilly, "there isn't a bit of flour, and only this little bit of bread. There's some tea and a little sugar."

Tom looked glum in spite of himself.

Just then there was a great confusion in the street, and both Tom and Dilly ran to the door to see what was the matter. A carriage had broken down. The driver was trying to repair the damages it had sustained, assisted by a crowd of men and boys; and a lady who had been its only occupant, was standing on the sidewalk. It was a cold, freezing night, and when she saw the children standing in the door of the bright room, she came toward them, and asked permission to come in and sit by their fire till the carriage should be ready.

Tom made his politest bow, and Dilly offered her the rocking-chair with the air of a little queen. She was an elegantly-dressed lady, with a sweet low voice and gentle manners. Dilly felt attracted toward her at once, and she seemed attracted toward Dilly, for she hardly took her eyes off of her from the moment she entered the room. Tom thought she was surprised to see such a highbred-looking little thing with such surroundings.

"You remind me of some one, my dear," she said, at last, "but who it is I cannot tell. I think it must be some child that I used to know when I was a child."

Dilly wondered if it would be polite to eat supper in the presence of their guest. She was dreadfully hungry, and Tom was always hungry. She was sure he was very impatient, and everything would be quite spoiled, it had waited so long now. Why should she not ask the lady to share it with them? It looked so inhospitable not to do so. The table looked as nice as nice could be, and there was a dish of glistening currant jelly which Mrs. Morse had given her, beside the tempting warm biscuit. And the best teapot was in use, too, because it was Saturday night. Dilly was glad that it happened so. To be sure, that was all the food they had for to-morrow, but it would not do to be impolite to a stranger. She accordingly procured another plate, and, with a little blush, invited her to take a seat at the table.

The lady hesitated, with a look of surprise.

"Isn't your mamma at home, my dear?" she asked.

"Mamma is dead," said Dilly, sadly.

"And papa, isn't he here?"

"Our parents are both dead, and Dilly and I keep house together," explained Tom, with dignity.

"Impossible!" the lady exclaimed, looking at that mite of a Dilly with amazement. Then turning around, she surveyed for the first time the dainty little table, with its odd mingling of plebeian delf and aristocratic china.

Suddenly her eyes fell on that pride of Dilly's soul—the old teapot, with the dignified hump in its porcelain nose, for all the world like the haughty Roman nose of Dilly's grandmother in the picture. Dilly had thought of it many a time. With a strange want of ceremony, according to the idea of both her host and hostess, she rushed to the table, and seizing that teapot, held it in hands that really trembled.

"That was my great-great-grandmother's, and she lived in England," said Dilly.

The lady dropped it with such a jar that the lid was cracked.

"Now I know of whom your face reminded me. My dear, dear children, how can I be thankful enough that I have found you? Do you know that your mother was my dearest sister, and I came across the water on purpose to find you?" And she hugged the amazed children till they were breathless.

Tom felt his dignity rather insulted at being kissed so furiously by a lady when he was so large—almost grown up—if she did declare that she was his mother's sister.

But Dilly, poor little Dilly, who had missed her mother's loving care so much, and had pined so for something more than the careless boyish affection of Tom, was entirely overcome with joy, and surrendered herself unquestioningly to that loving embrace.

Then the children were made to tell all they could remember of their mother, and all their own story. And their aunt, for she was indeed their aunt, told them that their grandfather was dead, and that before he died he had repented of his hardness towards their mother, and had left his estate to Tom, having no son of his own; and that she was going to take them with her to her mother's old home, and Tom was to assume the dignity of lord of the manor when he came of age.

So they drank tea together out of the old teapot, and it was a joyful tea-drinking, I assure you; though Tom confided to Dilly afterward that, though he liked his aunt well enough, and thought she was a brick to come after them, he'd a great deal rather stay in America and be an architect, than go to that heathenish old England and take charge of a stupid old country-place.

Dilly thought otherwise; for though she had been brave and cheerful, she had led a lonely life for a child. And that Saturday night, though it promised to be a sad one, she always counted the brightest in her life, and cherished the old teapot tenderly as long as she lived.

A VOYAGE IN THE DAYS OF THE PIRATES.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

MODERN enterprise has so dissolved the romance of ocean, that there exists in seaboard communities nothing of that marine enthusiasm so prevalent in the past. In my youth there was scarcely a family in our neighborhood that had not some one upon the deep; and few were the households where there had not been mourning for those who would come no more. One dwelling I recall, from which a father and three sons had passed successively, never to return. In this case, Cuba, Guadaloupe, San Domingo and Martinique each held one of the dead. Beneath almost every roof the ship news was the first thing sought for in the small newspaper that came weekly to the fireside.

At that day there were dangers which exist no longer. Then the pirate was a reality. He haunted every sea—the West Indian waters, the Greek Archipelago, the coast of Africa, and the Indian Ocean. In the early part of this century, there were dreadful tragedies enacted far from land, and the terror of pirates was stronger with the honest mariner than the dread of fever

or tempest. No buccaneer could now keep the sea for a month; but then, frigates and sloops of war were mocked by the nimble brigantine or schooner. Besides, mightier affairs demanded the world's attention; the great Napoleon had not yet become "the last lonely captive to millions in war," and the confusion and preoccupation of nations encouraged the piratical spirit with the prospect of impunity.

From infancy I had been accustomed to tales to which those who live at a distance from the seacoast rarely listen. I knew men who had been shipwrecked on the shores of Europe, men who had been down with the African fever on the Gold Coast, men who had been impressed in the British navy, and men who had been taken by pirates. And so, upon going to sea, I looked forward to the occurrence, in my own case, of one or more of such events as a matter of course. Yet when did the anticipation of hardship ever deter a lad of sixteen from trying the wide ocean for himself?

Captain Dalton, who was almost always

at sea, but whose home was near my father's, and who was one of those ship-masters that stand as landmarks in my memory, had once been lashed to his brig's mainmast by pirates, who having scuttled the vessel, left him, as they supposed, to sink with her. But the merchantman, being only in ballast, simply rolled on her beam ends when full of water, and remained afloat; so that the captain, after having been nearly strangled by the sea that kept washing over him, as well as by a rope which having got a turn around his neck gave him no little trouble, was at last rescued. I remember his coming home upon the occasion, and how the sea captains gathered about him, and how he told them that the pirates did not get his doubloons, after all—for he had put his gold in the coffee-kettle over the galley fire.

The vessel which took him up was a Frenchman, from Bordeaux for New Orleans, and I well recollect the pleasant sallies of his neighbors upon some enthusiastic remarks of his, concerning the beauty of a lady passenger on board, whom the captain, himself an unmarried man, had discovered to be also unmarried. Yet I little dreamed that any circumstance connected with his adventure would ever influence my own destiny. Such, however, was the case, both immediately and remotely.

The sight of the captain, as with sun-browned face and in sailor pumps he trod the streets and wharves, sometimes relating in an off-hand manner the story of the pirates, gave the last impetus to my impatience, and a few months later I went to sea, though not with him. Four years passed, but although I made a number of voyages, nothing of much importance occurred in my experience. It was simply the plain story of going and coming, coming and going. Captain Dalton also many times went and came, and perhaps the day when he was bound to the mainmast had begun to seem even to himself like a period in some one's else experience instead of his own; for nothing beyond the ordinary incidents of sea life appeared longer to cross his path.

But the captain's romantic episodes were not yet ended. I was now at home from a voyage, and one day seizing upon the ever welcome little paper that chronicled the proclamations of President Madison, the

victories of the Emperor Napoleon, and the sea fights of France and Albion. I read of a desperate encounter with pirates near the mouth of the Mississippi, where they had attacked a French vessel having passengers on board. The Frenchman would have been taken, had not an American brig, the *Albertina*, Captain Charles Dalton, mounting four twelve-pounders, borne down to the rescue. The fire from the *Albertina* was described as remarkably well directed, and the slaughter among the pirates as very great. The paper mentioned the singular circumstance that one of the French passengers, a lady, had four years previously been passenger in a ship which had rescued Captain Dalton when he had been lashed by pirates to the mast of his vessel which they had doomed to sink.

The narrative impressed me very strongly, for a romantic incident seems doubly romantic when connected with a person whom we know. Louisiana had then but lately been ceded to the United States; most of its inhabitants were French, and warm, no doubt, were the congratulations of that impulsive people, as they gathered about the lady, or shook hands with the Yankee commander, who, bound to New Orleans, arrived there at the same time with herself. She had been on a visit to Guadeloupe, and but for the twelve-pounders of the stanch *Albertina*, would never have returned. Of course a marriage followed, and ere long the owner of the beautiful square-rigged brig received information that Captain Dalton was about to sail for home with his bride. The novel circumstances of the case afforded subject for much gossip.

It seemed probable, however, that a sight of my new-made townsoman would for the present be denied me, for about this time I shipped in the Powhatan, a full-rigged brig, bound for "Guadeloupe and elsewhere." In the latter part of September, when the winds grew cool, and a white frost became occasionally visible at morning, the brig was ready for her cargo. Farm produce, consisting of vegetables and fruits, occupied the hold, while between-decks we had hoop-poles, bales of hay and boxes of shoes. On deck we had more hoop-poles, and wedged in among these were four forlorn horses; the regulations at some of the West Indian islands at that time obliging each vessel from New Eng-

land entering their ports, to bring a certain number of these animals. We had also two twelve-pound carronades and two long-nines, but how, in case of an emergency, they were to be managed, upon a deck crowded with hoop-poles and old horses, it was not easy to foresee.

The water casks were brought down on drays from the town pump, the barrels of beef, flour and hard-bread snugly secured, and last of all, came the sailors' chests and dunnage, breathing the fore-castle odors of many a voyage. Then the brig dropped down stream to the usual anchorage, with her ensign at the gaff, as a signal that she had not as yet her complement of hands. She had shipped five before the mast, but wanted one more. Next morning the sixth man appeared—a tall Vermonter, of about twenty-one years, named Jonathan Hamlin. Had the Powhatan been a whaleman, the advent of Mr. Hamlin would have proved a welcome event, but the commander of a merchant brig of three hundred tons, with only six men in the fore-castle, of all things dislikes that one of the half-dozen should be a new hand, unable to steer his trick or stow the bunt of a topgallant-sail. Nevertheless, Captain Walshingham, after keenly measuring this Vermont youth from head to foot, and sternly asking him a few questions, pointed to the desk in the owners' counting-room, and told him to put down his name. The green hand got a "protection" the same morning, describing him as six feet one inch high, with brown eyes, auburn hair, and a scar on the left arm. Should the reader expect Jonathan Hamlin to turn out an able seaman in disguise, he will be disappointed, for the Green Mountain adventurer was fully as ignorant of all practical sea life as he appeared to be.

Next day the Albertina came in—a circumstance demonstrating that the Powhatan could not go out, as the wind was fresh from seaward. Several of our crew were on shore, and a large number of the townspeople came down to old Captain Dumont's wharf, off which the Albertina brought to—Captain Dumont, a Haytian refugee, being the owner for whom Captain Dalton sailed. The old Frenchman himself was there, shrewd and bustling, and evidently pleased that his trusted shipmaster had married a daughter of "the great nation." But for myself, I was chiefly interested in a beautiful young face that ap-

pearing above the bulwarks, seemed a companion to that of Mrs. Dalton.

Meanwhile, the sailors, preparatory to hauling in, were furling the fore-topsail and jib, under which the brig had run up the harbor. And now the anchor, which a few yards to windward, had been dropped from the bows to bring the vessel to, was hove up; and while the windlass clanked, and the huge hempen cable, such as was used at that day, came slowly inboard, the Albertina swung around; head and stern-lines, already secured over the great posts, were hauled smartly on deck, and old Captain Dumont saw his large brig snug at the pierhead.

That Captain Dalton's wife was very handsome none could deny, but her companion, a girl of seventeen, was prettier than herself. "She is the handsomest girl I ever saw!" whispered Hamlin, who perhaps never before looked upon any woman of foreign birth but some imported Celt, and whose diffidence in the presence of his shipmates began to be overcome by his enthusiasm.

As the ladies were stepping from the gangway, a sudden squall which had a moment before been observed whirling the leaves on the opposite side of the harbor, and blackening the water as it came, reached us with unexpected force. The young lady, losing her balance, fell between the vessel and the wharf, while the brig, yielding to the shock of the wind, heeled with her bulwarks over the caplog and almost in contact with it. The unfortunate girl was somewhere in the chasm, where the water, driven around the head and stern of the vessel, foamed among the slippery crevices of the wharf, but she was wholly invisible. The only hope was that she might not get between the wooden "fenders" and the brig's side.

Instinctively every one sprang to her aid. Some attempted to thrust themselves down at the place where she had fallen, while others leaped from the wharf corners, thinking to force their way lengthwise of the vessel. It was dark under the bilge of the brig, there was thumping and grinding above; and for myself, I was finally hauled on shore exhausted and badly bruised. Might not the young lady have been killed at once and sunk to the bottom? It could hardly be doubted. But how great was the excitement when supported by strong arms

she was discovered a few yards beyond the vessel, her rescuer swimming stoutly around the bows to reach the wharf. He was Hamlin, the Green Mountain Boy, whose only aquatic feats, as he afterwards informed us, had been heretofore performed upon the Connecticut River, but whose powerful limbs had well improved their fresh water schooling. He had found the young lady at the bottom, and had carried her completely under the brig's keel, feeling that this was the safest method of escape. From that moment, the old tars turning their quids seriously, abated as they looked upon Hamlin, that contempt so naturally inspired by the sight of a green hand.

Julie Lenois, the young French girl, rapidly recovered from her exhaustion, and when that evening the *Vermont* and myself, at the request of Captain Dalton, stood before her, she expressed with artless fervor her gratitude to my tall shipmate for his successful daring, and to me for the bruises I had suffered in her behalf. She was a most attractive and unpretending girl, and I could not help perceiving that she respected the strong common sense of my fresh water companion, who, though somewhat awkward in movement, had nothing silly in his deportment. Captain Dalton related stories of the sea, and old Captain DuMont was present with tales of San Domingo and that terrible negro uprising in which nearly all his wealth and many of his near relatives had been sacrificed. Julie, who neglected no little attention that might help to render our call agreeable to us, produced pictures of her father and her sister, the former, a broad-shouldered Frenchman, who had been lost at sea, and a girl of fifteen with a face so beautiful that no words can describe it.

"She is now," said Julie, "in Guadeloupe; it was necessary that we should part for a time, though on going over to New Orleans, with Mrs. Dalton, I could not, of course foresee this visit to the north."

She spoke sorrowfully of the vicissitudes of life and the loss of her father, and evidently longed for the time when she should once more embrace that pretty sister, Marie, who she remarked was doubtless busy with her lessons in the convent at Guadeloupe.

As we left the place it seemed to me that the *Vermont* had undergone a transformation. He was by no means an uneducated youth; there was something in him,

fresh as he was from the broad farm, and the barns, and the oxen, that whispered of the glory of the common school. And now that his feelings were excited, his mingled enthusiasm and good sense made him a really pleasant companion. In his simplicity regarding all that related to the salt sea, he had brought his heavy rifle from Vermont, thinking it might be of service in some of those emergencies which he had doubtless pictured in colors that would have made a sailor laugh.

It was a bright morning in October when we sheeted home the topsails and manned the windlass. As one sail after another was swayed up, we stood off from our berth, the sailors busy with the hundred calls of the occasion, and the green hand stumbling and wondering. We had an excellent crew, four of the hands able seamen, one ordinary and one green, but he stout as a lion. The cook was a great burly negro, who could have lifted half a ton; the captain and his two officers, all in the prime of life, were stout resolute men; and altogether it gave one a sense of security to look around upon our brig's complement, small as it was.

In the Gulf Stream, a severe blow decided the fate of our unfortunate horses. It was in the middle of the night that Captain Walsingham, finding the brig in danger of having her decks swept, gave orders to get the poor animals overboard. One by one, slipping, stumbling and falling, they were forced over the gangway, their shrill cries as they swam mingling with the roar of the gale. The last, a large gray horse, was upon the point of going, when a sea rose above the weather bulwarks and broke upon deck. The sailors sprang for the rigging, but Hamlin and the gray horse went over together. With great presence of mind, he clung to the animal's mane and threw himself astride its back. Rising and falling in the broad swells alongside, the two had the appearance of a frightful ocean monster; the phosphorescence of the Gulf Stream, and the ghastly heads of the three companion horses, strongly assisting the picture. As the Powhatan was lying to, the Green Mountain Boy succeeded in grasping the slack of a clew-garnet which was thrown to him, and he tumbled on board from his strange ride.

Already he had become quite a favorite with the sailors; he repaid their salt yarns

with hunting tales of his own experience, and nothing could have pleased them more. The scar on his left arm, described in his "protection," was a keepsake from a panther which he shot in his father's woodland. His father, as I gathered, was a large farmer, and I could imagine the apples and potatoes, the turnips, and corn, and turkeys, among which Jonathan had grown to his twenty-first year.

The ceremony of Hamlin's adoption as a son of the sea-god took place as we entered the tropic; Neptune, or rather a representative dressed for the occasion, coming on board in a boat, and his advent being followed by the rough pranks of an observance now obsolete. The green hand took all good-naturedly, and the fact, together with another circumstance which now occurred, tended to shorten this ocean rite.

This was the discovery from off deck of a yawl with five men on board, apparently making towards us. When Hamlin saw it, he almost considered the bearded sea-god no myth, after all. Might not the old fellow have forgotten something and returned? At least, the green hand considered the approach of the boat a part of the joke. The men when taken up, related that they had the day previous been captured by pirates, who killed three of the crew, bound all the others, and set fire to the vessel—a sail in sight, meanwhile, causing their hurried departure. The crew succeeding in liberating themselves, took to their boat, which the pirates had not stopped to cast adrift.

This incident furnished us a stirring topic in the watches of the following night, and I confess to a feeling of inexpressible dread, as casting my eyes through the darkness, I watched for the black hull of the pirate. On that night there was no need that the mate should steal forward upon the fore-castle, to make sure that the man up between the night-heads was awake—no man slept upon his "lookout." Imagination painted the heavy-sparred brigantine and cutthroat crew, described to us by the rescued seamen.

At morning it was blowing freshly, and the Powhatan was wallowing along under single-reefed topsails and main-topgallant sail. The trade wind had slanted to about east, and we were heading south. It was nearly broad daylight, when against that part of the horizon where the sun would rise, we made out a sail, apparently stand-

ing on the same course with ourselves. Captain Walshingham himself went into the maintop, for the event of the day before had made him a little uneasy; and after a good look with his glass, pronounced her either a brigantine or a topsail schooner. It soon became evident that she was keeping more off the wind than we were, and therefore gradually nearing us.

"Square in the yards," said the captain; "we will keep away for a spell, and see if he follows us. That will settle the matter."

The Powhatan fell off dead before the wind, and it was with sinking hearts that we perceived the stranger do the same. We shook the reefs out of the topsails, set the other topgallant-sail, the mainroyal and the studding-sails, but the pursuer also crowded more canvas, and now all doubt was removed.

That the pirate would overhaul us was almost certain; still, however, we were far from hopeless. The five men from the boat furnished a strong reinforcement, and with our four cannon, and a full supply of small arms, we would not fall an easy prey. But then, the freebooter probably mounted twelve or fourteen guns, and might have a hundred men.

The sea was heavy, and the Powhatan, running off directly before it, rolled so deeply and so quickly that it was difficult to steer her. The deck, as I have said, was lumbered with hoop-poles, and what with the rolling of the vessel and the hindrance given by the deck-load, it appeared almost impossible that we should be able to manage the guns. The captain sang out to the mate:

"Turn to all hands, Mr. Drew, to get those hoop-poles overboard!"

It was a welcome order. Every man sprang to the work. Bundle after bundle went with a swash over the side, and the long wide deck was cleared. The better sailing and easier motion of the brig showed the wisdom of this proceeding. The cannon were now got ready, and the small arms placed close at hand.

It was Captain Walshingham's intention to cripple the brigantine; for such our pursuer proved to be, before she should come up with us; but, as with the high sea and the heavy press of sail the Powhatan could not be yawed without danger, we knocked away the stern bulwarks sufficiently to make a couple of posts; from these the

nine-pounders would be pointed directly at the enemy.

Jonathan Hamlin's rifle, from its first appearance on board the vessel, had been taken in charge by the captain. It was now handed to its owner. His powerful arms had been of great service at the gun-tackles in the severe task of changing the position of the nine-pounders, but it was with the Green Mountain rifle that he felt most at home.

The chase had continued about three hours, when the pirate tried his long gun upon us. This was done as he rose on the top of a sea and came upon an even keel. His bulwarks were very low, and the gun ranged above them and under his foresail, as he was square rigged forward. Shot after shot followed, but wholly without effect, and it was to as little purpose that our long nines answered him. With the sea so rough, it was impossible to point a gun with any degree of accuracy; and we saw that the nine-pounders must soon be wheeled back to their original position.

At length the villanous enemy was within two furlongs of us, and his appearance, in the light of all it suggested, was fearful. More than a hundred wretches swarmed upon his decks—bearded, furious-looking scoundrels, in all manner of begrimed hats and caps, shirts and trousers. Our glasses brought them close to us, showing the knives and pistols bristling in their belts, and the bloodthirsty frenzy of their savage faces. The sides of the brigantine were lined with cannon, three times the number of our own. Thought is rapid at such a time, and burning ships and murdered crews started vividly up before us. Still we kept up our fire with the nine-pounders, hoping either to disable a spar or rake his deck, but all in vain. Only a shot here and there touched his sails, but not a single one struck among his crew.

Although the brigantine was exactly in our wake, her sails hid the deck but very little; for we had a view under her foresail, and could at times see even the man at the helm, as the boom lifted, or the yawing of the vessel brought him out from the range of the mainmast.

"I wish a lucky shot would knock over that fellow at the tiller," said Captain Walahingham. "He has all he can do to steer, and the vessel might be tripped by this sea before another could take his place."

Jonathan Hamlin let go of the backstay by which he was steadying himself, and took up his rifle. Seldom had he seen a cannon fired, even on land, but with the weapon of the woods he was at home. The captain, the mates and the sailors looked earnestly at him as he stepped aft.

"Shall I try, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the captain. "You'll see him in a moment, when she yaws; but you can't hit him at this distance; there's a difference between sea and land shooting."

Jonathan raised his rifle, but lowered it again. The heavy fore-and-aft mainsail, or the smoke from the eighteen-pounder, had hidden the object. This time the charge from the great gun whistled all about us; the eighteen-pound shot cut our trysail-gaff, and we seemed almost to see the scattering grape that accompanied it. But Hamlin never once looked aloft. Bracing himself with his left foot forward, and clutching the long rifle, he gazed eagerly astern. The crew gazed as eagerly.

"There he is!" "I see him!" "There is the fellow!" "There's the man!" "I see him now!"

But they were never to see him again.

Quickly, yet with an iron steadiness, the Green Mountain boy brought up his weapon, and, with an aim almost instantaneous, he fired.

The pirate helmsman leaped upward, and falling across the tiller, dropped dead on the deck!

Two others sprang to catch the helm, but they were too late; a sea tripped the brigantine under the counter, and with a wide swing and roll, she completely broached to! For a moment her yards dipped in the water, then crash! went both topmasts, short off by the caps. The rig of the old-time brigantine, now out of date, included a square main-topsail, topgallant-sail and royal; thus she differed from the square-rigged brig only in having a longer mainmast, and a mainsail like a schooner's. But all was gone from the pirate save his foresail, depending from the foreyard, and his mainsail, slatting upon the gaff and boom. In twenty minutes we were three miles from him, he having, meanwhile, cut adrift his wrecked spars, reefed his mainsail, in order that it might not out-balance his head sail, and hauled on the wind.

Three days later we arrived at Gaudaloupe, where Jonathan Hamlin stood a man of mark to all who came on board, and was pointed out even in the streets as "*le gros Américain*" who had shot the pirate. Among the tarry sailors especially he was a hero. The old salts from other American vessels would come on board of us and gather around him, with the respect due to dexterity and courage; and yet Jonathan could no more have taken a lanyard knot, or made a short splice or a long splice, than could one of his weather-beaten shipmates have driven a team of Vermont oxen through a barway without getting afool. He was an excellent singer, and one of his favorite melodies, an old English ballad, began thus:

"I that once was a farmer, a sailor am now;
No lark, that aloft in the sky,
Ever caroled his song to give speed to the plow,
Was so gay and so happy as I."

From between the nightheads of the Powhatan he would send his song floating over the harbor, till the sailor boys of all the surrounding merchant brigs would lean over the bulwarks and listen in admiration.

A notable incident of our stay in port was the arrival, a week later than ourselves, of a French brig of war, with twenty-five pirates on board. She had fallen in with the same brigantine which chased the Powhatan, and the pirates, who by means of jury topmasts had repaired damages, made a desperate fight, killing and wounding sixteen of the brig's crew. But the Frenchman boarded, sword in hand, killing all except twenty-two of the miscreants, and these, a few days after their arrival, we had the pleasure of seeing hanged. The pirate vessel, which at the end of the battle was found to have four feet of water in her hold, had been allowed to sink. The villains executed were nearly all Spaniards; their dark faces and murderous black eyes told of the fate we had escaped.

Hamlin and myself often recalled our evening at Captain Dalton's. The grace of the captain's wife and the beauty of Julia were reverted to again and again. The green hand possessed that decided character which once impressed can never forget, and it was evident that his dive under the Albertina was to him the great event of his life. From this all happy imaginings

branched forth, in one who had not yet lost his plowboy freshness.

But the picture of Marie—I never heard the convent bell without thinking of that young face, for in the monastery, as Julie had told us, the original of the miniature was a pupil. In sleep I once or twice dreamed of her; for she had become a kind of spirit-love, and always when on shore I had a vague hope of meeting her.

None of us looked like heroes of romance; the ball of spun yarn and the marlinspike, the blue shirts and bare feet, as we trod about on deck, were more real than poetic. The "bold brave crew and the ocean blue" were the merest prose.

"Mr. Gale," said the chief mate to the second, "have those bits of board picked up off the deck; the men will be getting the nails in their feet."

"Nails!" remarked the captain, interposing; "you couldn't get a sharp-pointed nail into Jonathan's foot."

The day after this little colloquy, which pleased me for its quaintness, Hamlin and myself were at work in the hold, which, including the "between-decks," was about fifteen feet deep. I was busy under the main hatchway, and Jonathan was away in the run, humming something about "the girl I left behind me," when a shadow fell across the light, and right over my head there was uttered a shrill scream. At the same instant a shape in white drapery fell headlong through the hatchway, and as I sprang forward to save her, a young girl dropped into my outstretched arms.

Though staggered by the shock, I did not fall. Placing her on her feet, I continued for a moment to support her, while a young lad in the uniform of a French midshipman, quickly followed by Captain Walsingham, descended to my side. The broad light from the hatchway fell across the face of the fairy I had saved. What a tumult of feeling was mine! It was the very face of the picture. There were the same bewitching lips, the same radiant eyes and pencilled brows. How wonderful are the currents of fate! Had I been guided to Gaudaloupe that Marie Lenois might fall into my arms?

She was wholly uninjured, and the reaction from her terrible fright brought the rich blood to her cheeks, till they had the hues of daybreak. Her form was no less

beautiful than her face; she was of medium height, and graceful as a flower. I had been much with the French, and could understand nearly all Marie's musical words as she gratefully thanked me for saving her life. She did not faint, or betray any sign of faintness.

The little midshipman, only thirteen years old, was her brother; he had only a month or two previous entered the navy. And now I remembered that Julie had spoken of her boy brother, and shown us a picture of him. He told me that he belonged to the brig of war that had taken the pirate. He had been off to his vessel with Marie, and returning, they had come on board the Powhatan to speak with Captain Walshingham, who it appeared had, upon our arrival in port, delivered at the convent some little presents from Julie to Marie, and thus made the young girl's acquaintance.

After looking upon Hamlin with a curiosity and gratitude inspired by what Julie had written concerning him, and with an evident admiration of his giant stature, Marie descended to her little boat, in which the rowers were waiting alongside. The interview had given me a fluttering of the heart which no words can describe, and I hardly knew what emotion was uppermost—whether the surprising sense of her delicate beauty, the intense mortification at the thought of my bare feet, or the fear that I might not see her again.

But I had saved her life, and her blushing and timid glance as she bade me goodbye told that I would be long remembered. Hamlin thought her a divinity because she looked like Julie, and I thought Julie handsome because she looked like Marie.

The chimes from the convent had that evening a tenfold melody; but next day, while on shore, I grew extremely sad. There was something heartbreaking in the thought that my late adventure must become more and more a thing of the past, and that though I might go from port to port, till I should be weather-beaten like old Jack, whom I had left that morning putting a new lift on the fore-topgallant-yard, I would never see Marie again. Only once in a lifetime could she fall down the main hatchway into my arms—and that once was over!

Suddenly my reverie was broken by the sound of a struggle, and looking up a small

alley, I saw a couple of sailors attacking a mere boy, who was defending himself with a short sword. A third sailor lay on the ground, apparently dead. I was close to them, and springing to the lad's assistance, struck down one of the assailants with my fist. The other turned upon me with his long knife, but fled after receiving a blow from my foot full in his chest, while his comrade, leaping up, followed him. Shouting an alarm, I pursued, and at the nearest corner, the villains running directly upon a squad of *gens d'arme*, were arrested.

I had already seen that the lad attacked was young Victor Lenols, my midshipman acquaintance of the day previous, and now, on hastening back to him, I found that he had sunk to the earth, desperately wounded. From subsequent testimony, it appeared that his assailants were three Spanish pirates, one of whom had a brother hanged among the prisoners brought in by the French brig of war. The uniform of the navy was hateful to these wretches, and thus in revenge they had set upon the little midshipman, who, mere child as he was, had killed one of them before my arrival. Young Victor was now taken toward the hospital, and it was not till this moment that I realized the severity of a wound I had received.

As the French boy was carried away, I sank fainting in the street, and my return to consciousness found me in the hospital. My first thought was of Marie, and it was with intense satisfaction that I realized the severity of my wound—for now I would see her again. She would fly to her brother's side, and as for some days I must remain at the hospital, her bright eyes would once more gladden my heart. Then, too, had not my injury been the consequence of a second and inestimable service that I had rendered her? What might I not hope from this?

The result was even as I hoped, and I may well say that my few hospital days were among the happiest that I ever knew. Both Victor and myself rapidly recovered, and the beaming glances of Marie, through all her gentle timidity, told me that my heart had no need of an interpreter, for my feelings were her own. She related some incidents of her modest little history, the most distressing of which was the loss of her father somewhere upon the sultry Caribbean. Julie and herself had been his

idols, and they had evidently repaid his devotion with a love of which few are capable. Their mother had died long before.

My convalescence brought almost a feeling of sorrow, as it forced me to return on board the Powhatan. Victor also resumed his station on the deck of the Frenchman. What a point in my destiny had been the arrival of this brig of war! My duties on shipboard proved little hindrance to the interviews with Marie, since from our long stay in port there could hardly anything be found to employ the crew, and I was therefore permitted to be often on shore. At length the brig was chartered for La Guayra, on the Spanish Main, thence to return with a cargo to Gaudaloupe. And although our absence would not be long, never did I weigh anchor with a heavier heart.

It was winter, and past the season of the great hurricanes, yet the Caribbean Sea was still rough and treacherous, and if the green hand, who learned with tolerable facility, had any desire to perfect himself in the art of reefing topsails, there was no lack of the opportunity. In the misty, rainy, squally weather we narrowly escaped going ashore, split our fore-topsail, lost the main-topgallantsail, and at length dropped anchor at the mouth of an inlet, about a hundred miles from La Guayra, on the coast of Castile del Oro.

We knew the Indians in this portion of South America to be wholly untamed, and that pirates often haunted the gloomy bays, but it was a country so rich in glorious verdure that one became astonished at the profusion of nature.

Wind-bound by a current of air from the most unfortunate direction, we lay here for several days, often going in our boat in pursuit of birds. On one of these occasions we encountered a band of Indians—fine-looking fellows, but, from their surly appearance, evidently not to be trusted. They had in their company a white man, whom they kept somewhat in the rear; and as from their numbers we dared not approach to traffic, it appeared impossible to ascertain the circumstances of his condition.

The shore presented a variety of pampa and forest, and about two hours after we had lost sight of the Indians, we were startled by the spectacle of a white man bounding through the long grass, while fifty yelling savages pursued him from the neighboring thicket. To reach us, which

seemed his intention, the fugitive must traverse the bank of the inlet for some distance.

We were a long way from the shore, but we pulled towards it with all our might, yet with scarce a hope of rendering service; for would not the Indians use their arrows upon the hapless white man, should they fall otherwise to overtake him?

As our boat struck the bank he was within a hundred yards of us, but his nearest pursuer, a gigantic warrior, was not ten paces behind, and leaping on with uplifted hatchet.

"You will have to risk it, Jonathan!" cried Captain Walshingham, as the green hand cocked his rifle. "If you kill the white man, so be it!"

The last word was lost in the report of the gun, and plunging headlong into the coarse grass, the Indian warrior fell at the heels of the fugitive. The two had been wide in advance of the main body, which now instantly halted. We perceived with surprise that none of the Indians had bows or arrows, but learned from the white man, who sprang into our boat, and was hurried from the shore, that these had been laid aside for the moment, to protect the bow-strings from a passing flurry of rain. From a high rock he had discovered our position, dashed down the cliff, and escaped. Jonathan's bullet he had heard whistle within a foot of his shoulder, and his head had been grazed by the hatchet of the falling Indian.

The rescued man was greatly exhausted by his exertions, and it was not till we had reached the vessel that he gave us all the circumstances connected with his present situation.

"I am a Frenchman," he said, "and many years ago came out to Gaudaloupe, where I engaged in commerce. About two years since I suffered great losses, so that my property, which had been considerable, was reduced to almost nothing. At this time, however, an uncle of mine, a merchant, who had been living on this coast, left me by his will sixty thousand francs—nearly equal, as you know, to twelve thousand dollars—and I came over to Carthagen to receive it. On the passage back our vessel was captured by a pirate named Desnouettes, one of my own countrymen, whom as a boy I knew in Bordeaux."

"With the exception of myself, every soul on board was killed; but Desnouettes, who was not known at Gaudaloupe as a pirate, preserved my life for the moment, in order that I might transfer to him the property which I had some months before lost, but of which he still believed me to be possessed. Should I make out and sign such papers, it was a certainty that death would immediately be my portion. He could but kill me if I refused—at all events, this was the less perilous alternative. No doubt he would resort to torture, yet by an appearance of indecision on my part, he was induced to delay this expedient; and luckily on the very night after the capture, a hurricane so employed him that he paid no attention to me.

"The vessel finally went ashore, and some of the drunken crew were lost, but Desnouettes preserved the gold of which he had robbed me, and hid it near the place of landing. Next day the pirates were attacked by Indians, and nearly all killed. Desnouettes, however, and a few others, made their escape in a boat which they had saved from the wreck. The Indians, finding me bound, offered me no violence, but simply took me away as their captive. I made myself useful to them, and they continued to treat me kindly, although my escape was well guarded against. They could not afford to part with one who could do so many things of which they were ignorant. Your appearance was indeed a happy event to me.

"I have two daughters in Gaudaloupe, and it has almost broken my heart to think of their grief as month after month has gone by, and they have watched in vain for my coming.

"Desnouettes left the stolen gold behind him; and I think he must either have been drowned soon after taking to his boat, or picked up by some vessel, as the wind had changed, and was blowing a gale off shore, so that he could not have got back; and I am confirmed in this opinion from the fact that only a week since the treasure still remained in its hiding-place, as, unseen by the Indians, I had an opportunity of discovering. My name is Jean Lenois."

Lenois! I had guessed as much before he was half way through. I need not detail all that followed. Captain Walshingham had much to say, and he said it with deep feeling. He told the events of the

last few months, as they related to Julie and Marie, and in his sturdy sailor manner described the incidents with which Jonathan and myself had been connected. The warm-souled Frenchman grasped our hands; he was deeply affected, and the scene grew almost painful.

Next morning the wind at last favoring us, we ran along the coast to where Desnouettes had left the gold, and found all, as Lenois had described it. There were the latter's twelve thousand dollars in a small keg, and in the same depository his papers also. In another keg were five thousand dollars, with which, as Lenois said, he had nothing to do. Here was a temptation which few men in Captain Walshingham's position could have resisted; yet he proposed to share but in the same proportion as his men, and, accordingly, as there were ten of us—captain, mates, cook and foremast hands—we had five hundred dollars each.

After lying for six weeks at La Guayra, we sailed, with M. Lenois on board, for Gaudaloupe. The brig, with a fresh breeze, was reeling off nine knots an hour, when directly ahead we discovered what seemed a vessel on fire, and shortly after made out not only one, but two vessels in flames. In an hour and a half we were up with them, but it was only to see both go down at about the same time; a few charred fragments, a couple of boats, full of water, and a solitary living man clinging to one of them, being all that remained afloat.

The single survivor, with singed hair and bruised body, was taken up. Unable to stand, he was laid upon the deck. Casting around his eyes, it was with a surprised and wondering look that he fixed them upon M. Lenois.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the latter, in astonishment; "*c'est Desnouettes!*"

"Yes," said the villain, feebly, "it is Desnouettes."

"But what have you been doing now?" demanded M. Lenois.

"Burning another vessel, and getting burned myself. But I am past talking—give me some brandy."

At night he revived considerably, but it was only a lighting up before death. His surly mood had vanished, and he was communicative.

"I was in a topsail schooner," he re-

marked, "with ten guns and sixty men. I had been to look for the gold, but it was gone. I fell in with a merchant brig, and lost a dozen men in taking her. Then we killed all her crew, and set her on fire. We were to windward, of course, but by some blunder, in trying to fill away, we got afoul of her, and the next moment our jib and foresail were in a blaze. At last we took to the boats, but the long tom went off while we were close to its muzzle, completely demolishing one of them, and the other was capsized by the men scrambling to get into her. The remaining guns were discharged one after another, eight of them without touching us, but the ninth tore the men all to pieces with grapeshot as they clung to the boat. Worse than all else, the sharks got around us, and when you arrived the day was up with everybody but me."

Then the pirate took a retrospect of earlier years. His father, he said, ran away from San Domingo to France, with the property of one Eugene Dumont. It was amid all the horrors of the negro insurrection. The child of M. Dumont, a little girl, was on board a small vessel in the harbor, her father having left her for the moment, while he went to a ship near by, when a number of villains, seizing upon the weakly-manned craft and murdering its crew, put to sea in it, rightly guessing that there was a large amount of treasure in the hold. The child they spared, and their leader, the father of Desnouettes, took her to his home in Bordeaux.

"Four or five years ago," continued Desnouettes, "she went over to the United States, and lately, while I was in New Orleans, I heard that she had married a Yankee shipmaster who had saved her from pirates."

"Then," remarked Captain Walshingham, "she is the daughter of M. Dumont, is she?"

"O yes; but she has no idea of it. She was only four years old when my father ran away with her. You see what a stock I am descended from, and how I must have begun life."

He then murmured something of the hidden gold, how he had been delayed in his attempts to reach the place of deposit, and found it empty at last!

The grim villain now grew rapidly weaker, and his mutterings more incoherent, and

in an hour he was dead. Without ceremony, with neither sallow about the body nor shot at the feet, we passed him overboard. A gloom was upon us, a sense of hideousness, unrelieved by the excitement of danger or of curiosity, which had attended us in more perilous scenes.

With no further adventure of moment, we reached Gaudaloupe, where we found Captain Dalton in the *Albertina*, together with his wife and Julie. The meeting of M. Lenois with his daughters I need not describe, nor dwell upon my happiness at once more finding myself in the presence of Marie.

Our revelation to Mrs. Dalton of what Desnouettes had told us concerning her parentage, filled her with astonishment at the strange coincidence which had led her to the very door of her father, old Captain Dumont, the *Albertina's* owner, and had caused her to regard him with a loving veneration, ere she dreamed of the relationship,

Jonathan Hamlin had by this time lost much of the awkwardness which had attended him from the Vermont hills, and as Julie learned how his unerring rifle had saved the life of her father, as his strong arms had once saved her own, it became evident that she entertained for the tall Yankee a deeper feeling than that of mere admiration. He was really good-looking, upright in figure as in mind, broad-shouldered, and towering like Saul.

Freights were dull, there was hourly danger of a declaration of war between England and the United States, and after lying a month at Gaudaloupe, Captain Walshingham decided to load for home. Captain Dalton came to the like conclusion, and both brigs commenced taking in the island produce.

M. Lenois had an enthusiastic admiration for the United States; his property was wholly in money, and there appeared no hindrance to his immediate emigration. Victor could surrender his midshipman's warrant, and both for him and the young ladies a life in the free north would be far better than in the West Indies. Therefore the French merchant determined to sail at once, and would embark with Captain Dalton.

Upon a representation of his extreme youth, and the peculiar circumstances which, without the knowledge of his

father, had induced Victor to enter the service, the naval officer in command at Gaudaloupe, consented to let the little fellow resign his position; and in company with the Powhatan, the Albertina, having on board the entire French family, set sail for home.

Twenty days later we arrived at our native port, chased in by the Plantagenet seventy-four; for war had broken out between Mr. Madison's government and that of George the Third.

Old Captain Dumont was rejoiced to acknowledge in Mrs. Dalton the fair little daughter he had lost amid those terrible scenes in San Domingo; and now that all

was known, it was easy to trace the strong resemblance between her features and his. When Marie became my bride, the bluff old Frenchman gave us many beautiful gifts; nor was he less munificent to Hamlin and Julie, for they were married to each other, as the reader, of course, has guessed.

M. Lenois became concerned in privateering and commerce. Captains Dalton and Walshingham both sailed in command of armed vessels to annoy the shipping of Albion, and with the latter excellent officer sailed Hamlin, Victor and myself till the end of the war.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

BERT JEROME rose from the table where he had been slowly sipping his coffee and reading the morning paper.

"Nothing new or startling," he said, looking across to where his sister, who wore widow's mourning, sat, trifling over her breakfast. "I am positively suffering for a sensation of some sort. Business is dull, the city is dull, and I am dreadfully stupid myself. I think, though, since frost has set in, the summer pleasure-seekers will come flocking home. The autumn has been so very fine they have lingered longer in the country than usual. We might have remained a fortnight later, for Wilkins was not half so sick as he would like me to believe."

"I don't regret having a few quiet days to ourselves, Bert," returned his sister. "But now the city will soon be as gay as ever. The Meads and Clintons came home yesterday; though perhaps I mentioned the fact last night."

"You did," replied Bert, knitting his brows for a moment. "If you will be ready at three, we'll have a drive through the Park before dinner. Good morning, Nell." And putting the paper in his pocket, he took his hat and set out for his place of business.

It was a lovely autumn morning. The leaves of the trees which shaded the street, golden, crimson and brown, were falling thickly upon the sidewalk. Bert walked reflectively along, when suddenly his attention was attracted by the cry of a child. Half a block further up the street, a little girl, barefooted and poorly clad, had dropped her pitcher of milk upon the curbstone, and she was bewailing its loss.

"Poor little wretch!" he exclaimed; "she will probably be beaten for the accident when she reaches home." And he thrust his hand in his pocket, on charitable thoughts intent.

But the child ceased sobbing suddenly, and shyly approached a carriage which was standing near. A woman's hand had reached out and dropped a crisp bill into the open palm of the wondering girl. It

was a fair slender hand, with a rosy palm, and pink-tipped taper fingers, upon which sparkled three glittering rings, a pearl, a diamond and an emerald. Bert slackened his pace and gazed admiringly upon the white faultless hand. He caught a glimpse of a gray hat and a floating gray plume; while a close-fitting sleeve of the same sober shade set off the smooth round wrist that supported the beautiful hand. A moment afterward it was withdrawn, the diamond catching the sunshine and throwing scintillations of light over Bert's face as it disappeared.

He had watched the hand so closely he did not observe a lady who emerged from a house near, and, appearing suddenly to him, entered the carriage.

"Greta," she said, addressing the owner of the beautiful hand, "it appears to me that you bestow your charities in a singular manner."

The carriage rolled away, and he did not hear the reply. Not a sound of her voice, not even a glimpse of her hair; only her name, and the lovely hand. How could he identify her by these? It was only by accident he saw it uncovered; and gloved hands, though proper for a drive or promenade, lose half their character.

It was nothing, after all, he told himself, as he walked slowly on. A woman's hand was no unusual sight; pretty ones were plentiful enough, and they were, usually, helpless in proportion to their beauty. But this was not a helpless-looking hand. True, it was smooth, slender and fair, but not plump enough to appear babyish, as there were only suspicions of dimples about it.

"If my mind had been occupied with anything else," thought he, "this would not have made a lasting impression upon it. But sometimes memories, simple in themselves, will outlive important facts in the brain, because received when it was in a morbid state."

He entered the store thoughtfully, for he was a wealthy merchant, with an old established business inherited from his

father. There was much to be looked after this morning. Nevins, his buyer in the silk and velvet department, had just returned from Europe with samples, and statements of his purchases for the approaching winter. There was a great deal to be done, and still more to be thought of, but somehow Bert seemed to have lost his business tact. At the close of a very interesting and important statement made by Mr. Nevins, which was finished with a question, Bert became suddenly conscious of the fact that he had not heard one word, but instead, had been contemplating in his mind's eye a woman's hand; a slender hand, with dainty fingers, glistening with jewels, in the act of bestowing charity upon a sorrowing child of poverty.

With an effort he put it aside, and devoted himself to the subject under consideration; but he behaved so strangely during the day, that Mr. Owen, the head salesman, who was of a pious turn, gave it as his private opinion that Mr. Jerome was "under exercise of mind," while the younger clerks declared he had either been jilted, or had suddenly fallen in love.

When he returned home and set out with his sister for the promised drive, he was still in an absent frame of mind. The day was fine, and the Park unusually thronged; and though he eyed every one curiously, he often forgot to bow to his nearest acquaintances until Nell scolded him roundly.

Even Miss Mead, who leaned gracefully back in her carriage, displaying a lovely toilet of the new fall shade, silks, velvets, flowers and feathers being blended in the loveliest confusion imaginable, failed to attract more than a polite bend of the head. Now Bert's sister had long expected him to fall in love with Miss Mead, whom she considered as near perfection as mortals usually attain, propose to her, and in due time marry. Miss Mead was young, beautiful and wealthy, and had expressed in a quiet and lady-like way, her preference for Bert. How any man could be so stupid as not to observe it, she couldn't understand.

When the ride was over Bert threw himself upon a sofa in the parlor, and declared he was almost tired to death. His head ached, and as he lay with closed eyes, he fancied he would like this same fair hand which had haunted him throughout the

day, to thread his hair through its slender fingers and soothe him to sleep.

What was its owner like? If he could have caught a glimpse of her face, her form, or even her hair, he would have been more content; as it was, it was tantalizing in the extreme. She must be a blonde, or at least her complexion fair, the hand was so white. She must be small, for the wrist was so tiny and the hand slender. She must be young, for it was as fair, and soft, and delicate as a child's. She wore gray, and her name was Greta—O dear! how could he ever find her?

The season wore on; winter, with its festivities, came. Mrs. Wayne, Bert's sister, had laid aside her mourning, and was going out in society once more. Bert must act as her escort. He was always ready, but his heart was not in anything he did now, Mrs. Wayne said.

"What is the matter, brother?" she asked, one day, when he seemed unusually silent. "Why are you so changed? Does anything trouble you? Confide in me; perhaps I can comfort you in some way."

"It is nothing," he answered, with a sober shake of the head. "I suppose I'm growing old."

"O you ridiculous boy!" she exclaimed. "Old at thirty! and that two years younger than I am. Are you trying to ridicule my juvenile ways?"

"No, I had not thought of that. But the house seems lonely sometimes, with only two persons in it besides the servants."

"I've thought the same thing," replied his sister. "Why don't you get married, Bert?"

"I don't know whom to marry."

"But there's Miss Mead," she suggested, mildly.

"Miss Mead is very much of a lady," he answered, slowly, and rather absently; "but then I don't like her hands."

"Why, the boy is actually crazy!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayne. "Miss Mead has the most beautiful hand in the world."

"Beautiful, of course," he said, "but helpless looking."

"You wouldn't have them as hard and black as a coal-heaver's!" retorted his sister, out of all patience.

"Don't be cross, Nell. I'm really in love, but not with Miss Mead."

"O, I see," answered his sister. "You are in love with a girl who is beneath your

station in life, and that is why you have been so troubled of late."

"No, indeed," he replied. "I am my own master, and can marry a girl beneath my station, if I desire it. I am sure," he added, musingly, "she is a lady by birth and education, for she has a patrician hand."

"Why, then, are you so troubled? Who is this paragon that has nearly bereft you of your senses?"

"Her name is Greta."

"Greta what?"

"I don't know. It would be Greta Jerome in a few weeks, I fancy, if I could only find her. But I have searched the city in vain."

"Bert, are you in your right mind?" And Mrs. Wayne looked really anxious as she approached her brother, and gazed earnestly in his face.

"Yes, Nell, I hope so, though perhaps you will think otherwise when I tell you the truth. I am in love with a woman's hand."

Then he told her the incident which happened in early autumn, and how seriously it had affected him. How this hand had haunted him ever since, how he had wandered through nearly every street, watching for the reappearance of the wonderful and beautiful hand, and how he had failed to find it or its owner.

"You used to think me cool, steady-nerved and invulnerable as far as ladies' glances were concerned," he said, at the close. "So I was, always. But this thing has so impressed my mind, this hand has so bewitched me, that if I could find its owner, unmarried, I would be willing to unite my fortune to hers without a moment's delay or hesitation. When I am ill or tired, it seems to me if I could have that hand to smooth my brow, it would spirit all pain away. When I come home at night, lonely, dissatisfied, and filled with unrest, I feel if I could clasp that hand in greeting as I cross the threshold, I could kiss it and be satisfied, whatever its owner might be. I know she is young, lady-like, kind-hearted and charitable, and I would not care if her face was the plainest on earth."

Mrs. Wayne regarded her brother in astonishment for a moment. Then a tear of pity gathered in her eye, for she loved him dearly.

"Bert," she said, "perhaps I can help you in your search. What was the hand like?"

"Just the loveliest little lily in the world!" he said, enthusiastically.

"But your description is not altogether clear," his sister replied, with a smile.

"How stupid I am!" he exclaimed. "It was so very dainty, just like a lily on the outside, and like a pale blush rose in the palm. And it bestowed the gift so freely, and eagerly, seeming almost to caress the hand of the little girl. I'm sure it did everything but speak and smile."

"But, brother," she said, still smiling, "please be a little more explicit. It was a slender hand, you say, and—"

"Yes, just slender enough; not thin, and not fat, either, but exactly right. I'm afraid I can't describe it to you, sister."

"But the rings?"

"O yes. There were three. A large Pearl on the forefinger—do you think she is engaged?"

"That does not follow. Many girls of my acquaintance who are not engaged, wear rings upon the first finger. The others were—"

"A diamond, a very large solitaire it was, and an emerald, upon the wedding finger. Do you suppose she was married?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Wayne answered. "Ladies seldom wear rings on more than two fingers of one hand. Though one is styled the engagement and one the wedding finger, young girls often wear rings upon both."

"But do you think the rings would give you a clue in recognizing her, Nell?"

"Perhaps so. Diamonds and pearls are worn so much, there is nothing unusual about them. Emeralds are not seen so often. But the three gems together on one hand are quite rare. I shall look whenever I go out, and if I meet a lady with rings of this description, I shall certainly try to find out her name and address; for, aside from your own anxiety in the matter, I have become quite interested in your fair unknown myself."

Days passed, and though Bert and his sister both kept up the search, nothing could be found concerning the owner of the fair hand.

One evening Bert set out for a walk, feeling unusually gloomy and dejected. He had not gone far before he met a friend,

who invited him to go down and have an evening with the boys.

"Just a quiet bit of fun," he said. "We are going to meet in Joe Shannon's room at the Grand Central, and have a jolly time all to ourselves; not more than half a dozen all told."

Bert accepted the invitation. He was beginning to feel desperate, and resolved to free himself from this strange spell which the unknown hand had laid upon him.

"I might search the whole world over in vain," he thought, "until the hand was so changed by time that I would fail to recognize it."

So, putting on an appearance of cheerfulness, he joined his friends, who were all young men of his set, some of them reckless, but "good fellows," as the world goes. They had been drinking quite freely, and when cards were brought out, betting began at once. Gaming was not one of Bert's vices. He refused to take a hand at first, but, being importuned, at last sat down. The cards were dealt out, and as he reached to take his a woman's hand appeared on the table before him, the white slender fingers seeming to touch his.

He dashed the cards aside and sprang suddenly to his feet.

"Boys?" he cried, excitedly, "did any of you see a woman's hand upon the table just now?"

The words were regretted as soon as spoken, for he knew he had rendered himself an object of ridicule.

"Has it come to this?" exclaimed his friend Joe. "Why, the boy actually sees sights. Some one better take him home at once."

"Thank you," Bert answered, stiffly. "I am not well, I confess, and have not been for weeks. But I am perfectly competent to travel alone as yet." He bowed himself out, and went home in a restless frame of mind.

"I have tried to give her up, Nell," he said, as he abruptly entered his sister's room, "but it is of no use. I shall never be satisfied until I find her."

Spring came, and when Mayday, on which half the population in the city had changed homes, had passed, Bert found they had new neighbors. The house next to his own had been sold, and passed into strange hands. Both houses were similarly

constructed, each with an extension in the rear, reaching only partly across the width of the main building, to give a window to the centre rooms, and one also to the side. Bert's room was situated in the extension, in the second story, and its side window overlooked, or rather was in range with the one in the next house.

The room opposite had formerly been occupied by a bachelor friend; and when the weather was mild they could converse with each other from their respective windows, without being obliged to lift their voices to an unnatural pitch.

One evening, when Bert came home in his usual despondent mood, he sought his room, and throwing open the window, looked down upon the early spring flowers in the garden below, and the ships out on the river. He glanced across to the opposite window, which was also open, and saw that the seat had been newly cushioned, and the curtains were of the daintiest lace, while between their parted folds a pretty gilt cage hung, containing a bright gold-colored canary. A luxuriant wisteria was trained across one side of the window. It was just budding, and Bert fancied it had never looked so thrifty before, or given promise of such lavish bloom.

Within, a comfortable easy-chair was drawn near the window, a footstool stood beside it, and he had a glimpse of a rich light-colored carpet, a painting hung against the opposite wall, and below it, on a tasteful bracket, a Parian statue of chaste design. A book lay upon the window-seat, the stem of a half-withered rose marking the reader's place between the folded leaves, and near it a bit of half-finished embroidery was thrown, as though its owner had suddenly been called away.

Bert had no intention of prying into his neighbors' affairs; but something like a vague sense of interest possessed him, for the room seemed so homelike and pleasant it diverted his mind for the moment, just as any pretty picture would have done.

While he watched some deep green drapery brushed across one side of the window, like the heavy folds of a lady's dress. A slight girlish figure dropped suddenly within the arms of the easy-chair; he saw first a well-poised head, with braids and curls of brown hair, then a profile of a pale clear-cut face.

"Here's one tired sinner!" a fresh girl-

ish voice said. "Mamma dear, I've practised two hours without stopping."

He did not hear the reply, but a moment after she rose and came to the window. The movement was agile but graceful, and as she stood looking out at the vine he had a full view of her face.

Its first appearance was almost childish, but a closer inspection showed a sedateness, a certain self-contained expression never seen in a very young face. It could not be called sorrowful, but it was courageous and calm, and looked like the face of a woman who had seen something of the world, and resolved to take it as she had found it, not as she had dreamed of it in childhood and earlier youth. There was a little skeptical curve in the lips that looked quietly wise, though it was not decided enough to seem cynical. Then there was a clear expression in the brown eyes, honest and true, that made Bert fancy he would like such a woman for a friend. The thought of love, as yet, had not entered his mind. The picture, in truth, seemed half unreal, until she turned her eyes to his window. A disturbed look crossed her face, ending in a half frown. Then she turned quickly away.

"I suppose I was staring very rudely," thought Bert, as he suddenly rose and closed his window. "But she is not like the women one meets with every day. I wish Nell would manage to make her acquaintance in some way."

After this he was more guarded in making observations. He opened his window sometimes, but watched at a respectful distance. Several times during the week he caught sight of the face which interested him so strangely. It was almost always quietly cheerful, but once the eyelids were drooping and heavy with tears. What could trouble her? It certainly was nothing to him, and yet his mind persisted in dwelling upon it constantly. For the time the beautiful hand was almost forgotten.

One day when she had been carelessly sitting about her room, he ventured nearer. Taking a book for a pretence, he sat down by his window. A previous glance at his comely features in the mirror had assured him—

"Not his the glance, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly."

She paid little heed to him, however, though at last she came to the window, and leaning forward, reached out for a heavy cluster of the rich bluish-lilac wisteria blooms. Bert glanced carelessly toward her at first, and then opened his eyes wide and stared in mute astonishment. For there, within a few feet of where he sat, was the hand he had sought so long, quietly plucking the flowers off the vine. *The same delicate slender fingers, the same rosy palm, the same sparkling gems.*

Suddenly the hand dropped the cluster of blossoms it had culled from the vine, and the girl uttered a quick low cry of pain. A bee who had been sipping honey from the fragrant blooms, disputed their possession with the fair hand, and finding himself vanquished, left a revengeful sting upon one of the pink finger-tips ere he flew away. She had not seen the bee until she had felt the pain of the wound, and drawing her head suddenly within the window, she struck the birdcage, throwing it down upon the window-seat. The door of the cage opened, and the canary, frightened with the commotion, fluttered out in the air, and alighted—O joy of joys! within Bert's room. He caught it as gently as possible, and returning to his window, called to the little figure over the way.

"Don't be frightened. I have him safe, and will bring him over directly."

"O I thank you!" she said, in reply; and her face had lost its paleness.

Bert rushed frantically down stairs, and the next moment found him at his neighbor's door. "Gaines" stared at him from the doorplate; so, when the young lady appeared, before he had time to ring the bell, he had the presence of mind to address her as "Miss Gaines."

She bowed with another becoming blush, and ventured to call him *Mr. Jerome*.

"I believe papa is slightly acquainted with you," she said, "or I would not have known your name."

She received the bird from his hands, and thanking him prettily, invited him to come in. He consented to do so if she would allow him to bind up her finger. She laughed, and acknowledged that it pained her; and by this time her mother, a stately matron of forty-five, made her appearance. But stately mammas had a way of unbending in Bert Jerome's pres-

ance, for he was fine-looking, intellectual and wealthy, and she added her invitation to the one he had already received to enter the house.

Once inside the pretty room which looked out upon his, and was used as a private parlor by mother and daughter, Bert proceeded to assist the bird to resume its cage, Greta patting and soothing it in the meantime. As soon as it had smoothed its rumpled feathers, and calmed down a little, Bert insisted upon applying some remedies to Greta's wounded finger; and in the lively chat that followed, they became better acquainted than they would have been in weeks of fashionable intercourse in society.

Before he left the house he succeeded in obtaining as a gift from the fair hand the cluster of blossoms it had bought so dearly, and an invitation from both mother and daughter to call in with his sister at an early day.

Carrying the wisteria blooms to his room, he placed them in a vase upon a stand in full view from Greta's window, and then went down to tell his sister of his wonderful discovery.

"I am delighted," he said, "to find my fair unknown and my interesting neighbor are the same, for I was growing in love with one as deeply as the other."

"I am glad, too," Mrs. Wayne replied, "that you have found the owner of the beautiful hand at last, and that she is unmarried. Do you suppose she is fancy free?"

If this were a true story, reader, she would have been sure to be either married or engaged; but as it is only a pleasant fiction, you will doubtless be glad to learn that she was neither.

Bert did not seem to be of the opinion that she was engaged. If she had been further away, so he could not see her often, he might have been troubled about it; but having her constantly under his eye, he did not seem likely to lose her. He sat down at a respectful distance from his window, where he could see what was passing about hers, without being visible himself, and began to ponder over every expression he had seen upon her face.

It was a magnetic face, and quite as full of character as her hand. It was bright, and yet changeable, too. The smile was quick and expressive, the lips firm, and yet

inviting. Here Bert glanced out and saw her at the window. There was a new expression upon the face to-night. A thought more coler, a half smile, an earnest look in the brown eyes; altogether a softer look over the whole.

Almost before he was aware of it Bert stood close by his window.

"I hope your hand has ceased to pain you, Miss Gaines," he said.

"O yes," she replied, "thanks to your treatment." And she lifted her hand gracefully, unconscious of the fact that Bert had watched for it by day and dreamed of it at night.

A month passed. An intimacy had sprung up between the two families. Mrs. Gaines seemed to have found a kindred spirit in Mrs. Wayne. Mr. Gaines, who was considerably older than his wife, took a deep interest in Bert. As for Bert, he took a deep interest in Greta, and fancied her a kindred spirit also. Greta seemed quite content with the state of affairs, in her calm quiet way.

One night Mrs. Gaines and Mrs. Wayne wandered out in the garden together; they had so many plans in common, for they were going to the same watering-place for the summer. Mr. Gaines had gone for his evening walk, and Bert and Greta were left alone. Greta sat at the piano, playing dreamy melodies, and Bert listened gravely, and watched the graceful movements of her beautiful hands.

Through her father, who had been very confidential, he had learned that Greta had once a worthless lover, dissipated, reckless, wild; to whom she clung in spite of mild paternal opposition, until one of his disgraceful acts opened her eyes to his true character. It had been a great blow to her, but she had rallied from it; and in this Bert had the key to her thoughtful face.

She looked very pure and fair to-night, in a thin floating white dress, ornamented here and there with white flowers. As she struck the low sweet chords Bert leaned over the piano at her side, and began his story. He told her how and when he met her first, and of the spell her hand had laid upon him. How he had searched for her in vain, longing to find her and claim the hand to guide him always. How he had watched her at her window, and loved her face before he recognized the fairy

hand; and now, since he knew the goodness and gentleness of her heart, she was thrice dearer than before.

At this the white hands faltered over the keys, and the music ceased altogether. There was something beside surprise in her face as she lifted it to his. He bent lower and kissed the red lips tenderly. Her eyes drooped, and a half sob rose to her lips as she hesitatingly began a confession of having loved before.

"Hush, birdie, I know it all," he said. "Only tell me that you love me, that you will be my wife, and I am more than satisfied."

And for answer she laid her hand in his; the hand he had longed to clasp in his own, and to own in clasping; the one fair hand of all the world to him.

A. MAD PASSION.

BY FLORENCE EDWIN.

WHEN I was fifteen years old I was summoned from boarding-school by the sudden death of my father, resulting from a paralytic shock. My mother died in giving me birth, and by my father's death we were left orphans. By we I mean myself and my sister Helen, several years older than I. I cannot say that I mourned my father's loss as a parent should be mourned. He had been a cold stern man, repressing all demonstrations of affection, and never bestowing any. In all my life I can remember kissing him but twice, and then he merely suffered the caress. Though denying us affection, he gave to us every luxury that wealth could furnish while he lived, but left us penniless when he died. Of the immense fortune we expected to inherit, only a few hundreds remained to us when his affairs were settled.

I had abandoned the idea of returning to school, but Helen determined that I should finish my education, in spite of my entreaties that I might be allowed to try and support myself.

"Go back to school," she said, "and study hard for the remaining two years, and then my little sister shall take care of herself. I have a plan by which I can support myself, and give to you, Cecil, the benefit of a good education."

Much more she said in the same strain, till I was obliged to yield. Helen entered upon the duties of a music teacher, easily procuring pupils, she being a proficient in music. In her leisure moments she copied for a lawyer, and by working hard, she succeeded in accomplishing the plan of supporting herself and defraying the expenses of my education. When I thought of her patient unselfish labors, the time seemed to drag too slowly ere I might relieve her of a part of them. Happily for her, kind Fate interfered at the end of a year, and released her from her self-imposed labors. A distant relative died, and left us a comfortable competence, and a pretty cottage in Norwood, a small country town. As it was vacation time, Helen and I immediately took up our abode in our new quarters. We found Norwood a de-

lightful place, it being then the middle of August, when we could fully appreciate the beauty of the country, after being shut up in a small room in the hot dusty city. As for society, to tell the truth, we were likely to be but poorly off in the winter, there being but few families worth knowing. But in the summer the city people at the hotel made the quiet town as gay as one could wish. We were barely settled, however, before I was obliged to return to school, bidding Helen good-by for another year, the school being at such a distance from Norwood, we thought it impracticable to make the journey more than my return to and from school.

I had no unhappy thoughts to disturb me that year. Helen was now comfortably settled, and enjoying herself greatly, if I might judge from her letters, in one of which she spoke of renewing her friendship with people she had known in our father's lifetime, who were staying at the hotel. Through them she became acquainted with a prominent lawyer, Gerald Folsom, in whom I thought she seemed to be much interested, if I might judge from her letters. Nor was I surprised when I received a letter announcing her engagement to him. Though rejoicing in her happiness, I could not repress a feeling of jealousy at this news. Hitherto I had been the first and only object of all her love and thoughts; now this man had usurped my place, had stepped between us. Another thing disappointed me. Helen had enclosed his picture, "that I might get used to my future brother-in-law's face," she said in her letter. The face was a dark handsome one, but too much of the same type as Helen's to suit me. She was an extremely handsome brunette, and I had pictured her husband as a fair tawny-bearded man. I was, I confess, like most schoolgirls, inclined to romance, and all my favorite heroines were dark beauties, who always married these tawny-bearded heroes.

However, there was no help for it, so I did the only sensible thing under the circumstances; sat down and wrote a letter

congratulating Helen, and breathing no word of my disappointment at the receipt of hers; and in the letters that followed I grew quite reconciled, seeing that Helen's heart was bound up in him, though I could not banish my jealousy at once.

The year rolled away, and at its close, with my education finished, I returned to Norwood. After so long a separation, Helen and I had much to talk about, and thus employed, the time passed unobserved till the middle of the afternoon; then Helen said:

"You must lie down and have a nap, Cecil, in order to be fresh for to-night, for we are liable to have company, and I want you to look as fresh as these roses;" pointing to the roses that clustered so thickly around the cottage as almost to hide it.

I followed her advice, for I was very tired, and was soon fast asleep. When I awoke the sun was shedding its last glorious beams upon the earth. I sprang up refreshed, and commenced my toilet, and was about going in quest of Helen, when she entered, bringing some lovely flowers, which she lovingly and artistically arranged in my hair.

"How lovely my sister has grown!" she said, turning my face toward her and kissing it. "Now I know how lovely mamma must have been, for you are her image. See!" drawing me to her portrait which she had thoughtfully hung opposite my bed, that my mother's face might greet me on awaking.

I stood spellbound. Could I indeed resemble that lovely pictured face? It seemed almost sacrilege to think of making the comparison. And yet, as I looked at the reflection of myself in the mirror, I saw that Helen had spoken truly. The same large hazel eyes, shaded by heavy silken lashes, which, like the eyebrows, were of a soft dark brown—so dark as almost to be taken for black. The pouting red lips, the dimpled cheeks, the bright gold hair, though my mother's was wound in graceful bands about the shapely head, while mine fell in large natural feathery curls below my waist.

Helen interrupted my comparison, saying gayly:

"You have admired yourself sufficiently, I think, Cecil dear; and as the teabell is ringing, let us first despatch that meal; and if there be time you shall return and

finish your study of the two faces. Be sure of one thing: though you may resemble dear mamma in person, that is all, for she was of a quiet dovelike disposition, very different from the impulsive one of my little Cecil."

"She bestowed her disposition on you, Helen, and I am very glad of it, and so are you. I'm sure I was not admiring myself." And, laughingly arguing, we went down to the dining-room.

After tea we went to the drawing-room, and soon after were joined by my old friends, whom I had met during my brief vacation. These were the Thorntons, a young couple who made their summer home in Norwood, from May till November. The others, consisting of the minister and his young daughter, and Dr. Forsyth, a jolly old bachelor, accompanied by his anything but jolly sister, a maiden lady of sharp features, and still sharper tongue, were residents of Norwood. With the doctor I was a special favorite, but his sister regarded me in a rather unfavorable light, owing to my tomboyish behaviour, as she phrased it, of which she had been a scandalized witness during my vacation. In greeting me she expressed a hope "that I had come back from school steadier and more lady-like than when I departed for that place."

"O, as to that," I replied, "I always considered myself steady and lady-like! Young ladies are not expected to keep as much in the background as when you were young."

Thereupon her brother chuckled, and she gave me a look that ought to have annihilated me; and Helen, distressed at the conversation, hastened to change it, and we were all engaged in a lively discussion when her betrothed entered, to whom I was duly presented.

Did my prejudice vanish on seeing him? On the contrary, it merged into one of my violent dislikes, for I either felt a strong liking or dislike on first meeting any person. The evening passed pleasantly enough, being for the greater part spent in singing. When I had sung one song I was asked to sing again and again, till at last I resolutely declared that I would sing only one more song. This was a favorite of mine, and all my school friends and I had purposely reserved it for the last. It was a mournful love ditty, and unconsciously I threw a

great deal of expression into it. My audience were wiping away the tears that my song had caused, except my sister's betrothed, who was regarding me with a strange look in his dark eyes—a look not at all to my taste, though I did not allow him to guess it from my face.

Though disliking him, I was pleased with his singing, which was uncommonly fine, and yielded to the general desire that I should sing a duet with him. He chose "*La ci darem*," from *Don Giovanni*. I should have greatly preferred another selection.

At a late hour our guests took their departure, Gerald lingering for a tete-a-tete, I supposed. I excused myself, and ran up stairs to my room, and was almost asleep when Helen came in for her good-night kiss.

"Why did you run away, Cecil? Gerald lingered to get better acquainted with his little sister."

"I was sleepy and tired, and there's lots of time to get acquainted," I replied, sleepily.

"Then I'll wait till to-morrow for Cecil to tell me her opinion of her future brother."

On the following day, when discussing her lover, I frankly told Helen that she must wait till I knew him better, before I could pass an opinion, adding that I could not yet forgive him for usurping my place in her heart.

"Foolish child! my heart is large enough for both. But I won't bother you now, though I am positive you must like Gerald when you know him better," Helen answered; though I could see it pained her that I had not given my opinion. I determined to get over my dislike, for her sake, if possible.

We had plenty of society, for Helen's friends and acquaintances at the hotel made it very gay for us. I got on very well with Gerald, though seldom alone with him, and never willingly. I had noticed a desire on his part for tete-a-tetes with me. These I skillfully avoided. He complained to Helen of the coldness with which I treated him, and she remonstrated with me, but assured him that it was only a feeling of jealousy on my part, which would soon wear off. After that he redoubled his efforts to change my manner toward him.

One afternoon, when we three were sitting together, Helen was called away by one of her poor people. Saying that she would soon return, and bidding us not to quarrel, she left us. As soon as the door closed Gerald came to me, and said:

"Cecil, why will you persist in treating me so coldly? Can you not forgive me for stealing Helen's love? Won't you treat me in a more sisterly manner?"

"When I am your sister it will be time enough to do that," I replied.

Seizing my hand, and with eyes ablaze with a passion I could not mistake, he said:

"I will force you to love me, you beautiful—"

At that instant Helen returned. Had he been facing her, she, too, must have read that look. Fortunately or not, she did not, and in a moment he had regained his usual manner, and retaining my hand, explained "that he was endeavoring to do away with my dislike, but with poor success." I hardly heard him, for, hastily snatching my hand away, I ran out into the garden, leaving them together; him to invent lies, her to foolishly listen and believe.

Conflicting emotions swept over me as I reached an arbor and sat down to think. I could not cheat myself, nor mistake the look that blazed from his eyes. As surely as if Gerald Folsom had told me, I knew that he loved me. What should I do? I asked myself again and again. To tell Helen was impossible, for so necessary was he to her happiness, nay, life, that should she learn of his perfidy, both would be lost to her. I therefore determined to say nothing of my discovery, to avoid Gerald's society, and as in a month I was to visit a school friend, I would make my stay as long as possible, and on my return he would have forgotten his mad passion.

Having thus arranged my plans, and having no desire to meet him again that evening, I started to go to Mrs. Thornton's, she and I being very intimate, leaving word with Hetty, our maid-of-all-work, that I should not be home to tea.

On my way there I passed Dr. Forsyth, who was so busily talking to a tall *distingue*-looking gentleman, that he did not perceive me. I was glad of this, as I was in no mood for the good doctor's joking.

The Thorntons rented for the summer a

cottage quarter of a mile distant from ours, and before I reached there, with the natural buoyancy of youth, my depression had left me. It was not my nature to "cry overspilt milk." I had spent time enough of the lovely summer afternoon in mourning and planning; the rest of the day I would enjoy. Therefore, it was with no sign of my whilom unhappiness that I returned Mrs. Thornton's kind salutations.

"How fortunate!" she said. "I was about to get ready to go to you with some, to me, very good news. I'm so happy that I felt I must tell it to you, for I knew you would sympathize with me. Cyril is here, and don't be surprised at any madness I may commit, for the joy at seeing him, after three years of separation, must find vent somehow. He has gone to Dr. Forsyth's. They were in the army together, and are great friends."

"Then I have seen him, and Colonel Tremaine deserves all the praises you have lavished upon him, as far as beauty is concerned. If he is only half as nice as his sister, I fear that I lose my heart entirely."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to call you sister. So 'set your cap' for him at once, Cecil, for here he comes with your ardent admirer the doctor." And as she finished, in they came, and Mrs. Thornton presented me to her brother, whom I found on near inspection to be quite as handsome as he had appeared at a distance.

While they three were busy talking, I was engaged in studying his face, trying to determine whether we should be friends; and indeed it was a face worth studying. A man of thirty odd summers, with a figure expressing dignity and power. A countenance handsome, earnest, and full of intellect. A mass of dark curly hair surrounded a brow that, *being naturally pale*, stood out in bold relief from its shadowy masses with an almost classic beauty of outline. The dark gray eyes were deep and full, with the earnest soul shining from their shadowy depths.

He must have felt my earnest gaze, for he turned suddenly, and coming towards me, said, mischievously:

"Have you made up your mind whether you shall like me or not?"

"Not quite. I shall be better prepared to answer that question a month from now," I replied, nonchalantly enough,

though I could feel the warm blood surging my face, as I met the laughing mirth in his dark eyes.

"Very well!" with more earnestness than the circumstances warranted, I thought. "I will ask that question at the end of a month, and expect an honest answer."

After that we talked quite a while on various subjects, though, to tell the truth, he did most of the talking and I the listening. He was interrupted in an animated description of army life by the summons to dinner, for the Thorntons kept up their city customs, and dined an hour before our teatime, we keeping to the old fashion. After dinner we all went for a row on the river skirting their grounds. We came back just as the moon was rising.

"I wish we had not started till now," Colonel Tremaine said. "How stupid of us not to think and wait! Confess," turning to me, "that you would prefer a moonlight row."

"Of course! But since we have made a blunder, let us make the best of it. Besides, the river was delightful, and we can take advantage of another moonlight night."

"You are disposed to be philosophical. Well, there's nothing like it for helping one out of difficulties, though I can philosophize better on great than small trials."

"You shall have a greater pleasure, Cyril, than a moonlight ride on the river. You shall hear Cecil sing," said his sister. And as we had reached the house, we went in, though I should have preferred to stay on the piazza and listen to Colonel Tremaine's conversation.

"Give us your favorite," called out the doctor, as I sat down to sing.

"I think it is every one's favorite," said the colonel, as he glanced at the music. "Who ever heard of a person who could not appreciate 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

No one could appreciate it better than myself, and in rendering the song I could not help doing it justly. Had I not for a year suffered the pang of knowing that I was homeless? Ah! though now surrounded by comfort, I could not banish that remembrance entirely, and the song always brought it freshly back to mind.

No words of praise greeted me on finishing. I needed none, for the moist eyes and expressive countenances showed the

appreciation of my singing far better than words. And as for him that stood leaning on the piano, his dark eyes thanked me with a look that set my heart beating with a strange, new and sweet sensation.

"Will you sing this for me?" handing me "Robin Adair." "I know that you can't help singing that well."

I complied, and on finishing, resigned my place to him, for his sister Louise had told me of his exquisite improvisations, and I was anxious to listen to some of them. She had indeed spoken truly in describing them as no "earthly music," for when singing or playing his eyes had a strange far-off look, as if holding communion with unseen spirits. Indeed, he told me himself, that while performing it seemed as if some invisible agency guided his fingers. Had he been a poor man, he must have made his fortune by this gift; but, possessing jointly with his sister one of the finest estates in the North, there seemed no likelihood that he would ever use it for that purpose.

At Dr. Forsyth's request we sang duets, and I found it much pleasanter to sing with him than with Gerald.

I had no more tete-a-tetes with Colonel Tremaine that night, for, soon after singing, I spoke of going home, and Louise proposed that they should all walk back with me, and thus get some of the benefit of the moonlight.

On reaching Rose Cottage we found Gerald taking leave. He recognized Colonel Tremaine as an old acquaintance. For my part, I was glad that my meeting with Gerald, after that hateful scene, should be gotten over. As for him, he treated me the same as usual, and jestingly told Colonel Tremaine that "he hoped he had made better headway in gaining my favor than he could," alluding briefly to my reasons for disliking him.

I think I hated him, standing there and telling what he knew to be a deliberate lie. Yet I answered not a word, and Helen, knowing intuitively how I disliked that subject, changed it, by cordially inviting Colonel Tremaine to visit us, *sans ceremonie*; to which he gladly assented, asking me to echo Helen's invitation.

"Certainly," I replied. "Nothing could give me greater pleasure, for I want to hear the rest of that description, you know."

Thereupon Gerald scowled at me, unobserved by all save Louise, who joined with me in being barely civil to him. Soon after they all went away, and Helen and I sat for some time talking of them, she never alluding to my running away in the afternoon, of which I was heartily glad.

From that time Colonel Tremaine was a constant visitor at our home. The days glided swiftly and happily away in his society, and the feeling that had sprung up in my heart on our first meeting grew and strengthened into a deep love, which I felt was returned. The end of the month was approaching when Cyril—it was Cyril and Ceoil now—should renew the question he had asked that first evening of our acquaintance. My heart would beat, and the color come into my face, as I would muse on the way in which he would renew it; but if I were mistaken!—if I mistook friendship for love!—but I would not think of such a possibility. I would enjoy the present, and the future should take care of itself.

Living in this world of love's creation, I seldom thought of my discovery of Gerald's passion for me; or, whenever it recurred to my mind, dismissed it as an unpleasant subject to think about, when there were so many others more pleasant to occupy my mind. Being so much with the Thorntons, I saw little of him, and, when in his society, he treated me with a coldness of manner equal to my own. Helen, though mourning in secret, had long since ceased remonstrating with me, knowing, too, that it would be quite useless. The only one who sympathized with my dislike was Louise Thornton, whose sharp eyes had discovered that Gerald was "in love with me," as she phrased it, and who was accordingly indignant with him.

"Don't deny it," she said to me, when first speaking of it; "it is not your fault if the man has no honor. I feel sometimes as if I should like to strangle him, when I see him caress Helen, and then look at you to see if it disturbs you any. My own bitter experience has taught me the way dishonorable men woo."

Mr. Thornton was not the first choice of Louise's heart. The first had jilted her, marrying her sister, who joined in the deception practised upon Louise up to the evening when a faithless lover and treacherous sister left the deserted bride expect-

ant to wake on her wedding morning and learn of their elopement the night before. Louise never entirely recovered her faith in human nature after that. She married her cousin, who was her tried friend through that trying period of her life, and after marriage she learned to love him, and their married life was very happy. I was, therefore, not surprised at this outburst, knowing her heart trial, but replied:

"I trust you are mistaken in the last remark. I shall be more uncomfortable than ever. O, if I only knew how to kill his passion, which I thought must have died from coldness and want of encouragement! But if his love is so plain to you, Helen will discover it, and then both our lives are wrecked. I could never forgive myself for being the innocent cause of her unhappiness."

"No danger of that," said Louise, sarcastically; "he will take care of that; and if you or I do not inform her, she will be deceived to the last. You really ought to tell her yourself."

"What can you be thinking of, Louise? There is a better way than that. I shall go away, and not return till after they are married. Then Gerald cannot resist such love as Helen's."

Louise would not believe in the utility of this plan, and declared she would tell Helen; but finding that this would make us enemies, she at last agreed to have nothing to do with the affair.

A few days after this conversation Louise came to us in the morning, to beg our company at an impromptu croquet party. Some of her acquaintances had come down from the city for a few days, and she wanted our help in entertaining them. We promised to be there, and prepared to get ready after an early dinner. While dressing, however, my head began to ache, and grew so much worse that I was obliged to give up the idea of going then, hoping that by keeping quiet I might be able to go in time for the sail on the river, which was one of the features of the programme. I persuaded Helen to abandon the idea of remaining with me, for she had sent word to Gerald of her intention to be there, and I did not desire his company in the drawing-room, which was the coolest room in the cottage at that time of the day, and I had taken up my quarters there. After preparing a sedative, she reluctantly left

me, and I suffered excruciating pain until the latter part of the afternoon, when I fell asleep. I awoke at sunset, with an uneasy consciousness of some one staring at me, and opened my eyes to find those of Gerald bent full upon me. I sprang up quickly, saying:

"Did you not receive Helen's note?"

He replied in the negative, and I explained to him Helen's absence and my presence; but he made no motion of leaving, so I set the example by going toward the door. Guessing my intention, he preceded me, and I supposed he was about to open it for me. With his hand on the doorknob, he spoke:

"Stay, Cecil! I have something to say to you which must be said privately. I have long sought this opportunity, and fate has at last been kind to me."

"Excuse me," I returned. "I am in a hurry to dress, and cannot waste any of my precious time."

"But you must hear me! Another time will not do. Besides, what I have to say must be said to you alone, who are shrewd enough to avoid another tete-a-tete."

"You are right," I replied, coldly; "nor do I desire one now, as I decline to hear anything you may have to say to me, except in my sister's presence. Therefore, detain me no longer."

"I am sorry I cannot comply with your request; but really, I am not capable of such a sacrifice as that would be." And he leaned his back against the door, and regarded me with a triumphant smile.

"If you are willing to forget your claim to the title of gentleman by an act at which a ruffian might blush, I am forced to listen."

His face flushed darkly at my taunt, though he replied:

"Love must be my excuse—a love, passionate and enduring, fanned into its fiercest flame by your coldness. Every principle of manly honor has cried out against it, but it will not be conquered, and will end only with my life. O tell me, Cecil, that but for Helen my love would compel a return!"

"Never!" I exclaimed, passionately. "Before I met you I conceived a prejudice that ripened into a strong dislike on our meeting; a dislike that, I am positive, could change into the love you desire under no circumstance."

He staggered as if I had struck him, and his face was convulsed with an expression of agony; but recovering himself, he said, sneeringly:

"You have omitted the principal reason, which I can easily supply—that you have given to Tremaine, unasked, what I would give my life to possess. Ah! I am right. Your face is a truthful mirror." Then, with a passion that almost frightened me, "He shall never possess your love, nor enjoy it! I will kill him first. I swear it!"

Now at this threat my temper rose, and I said, angrily:

"Do not make me hate you, Gerald Folsom. Has every particle of honor left you, that you seek to intimidate me by idle threats? Has the love you profess for me lowered you to that?"

"It has made me desperate enough for anything!" he muttered.

"I hope not." And then, thinking I might soften his heart by entreaty, I continued, "Rather let it elevate you; let it teach you your duty. I will go away, and in my absence you will forget this madness, and be happy in Helen's love. O, do not wreck her happiness, her life, perhaps, by your perfidy, and render mine wretched by the maddening thought that I am the innocent cause of her misery!"

He made no reply, and glancing at his unyielding face, I could not refrain from bursting into tears, at the sight of which his face softened, and he cried out, passionately:

"For Heaven's sake, Cecil, do not weep, or you will drive me mad! Will nothing content you but the sacrifice of my life?"

I made no answer, and seeing I had softened him by my tears, made no attempt to stay them. He went on, speaking in a voice almost unintelligible from emotion:

"So be it. I will make any sacrifice rather than see you weep. I will fulfil my promise to your sister."

"Then, indeed, have I wronged you, for the heart must be noble that prompts those words. O, may Heaven make your life as happy as you will make mine by this resolution!"

"Enough!" he said, bitterly. And going to the table, he hastily wrote a note; then giving it to me, said, "I cannot meet your sister yet. I shall go away for a while, and try to gain strength for the ordeal before me. That note will explain

my absence to your sister. With it I begin my life of deception. She will never know that love for you drives me away to gain strength to pretend love for her." Then, throwing his arms about me, he pressed kiss after kiss upon my lips, eyes and hair, and murmuring, "Forgive me, darling," was gone, before I could recover my self-possession; gone, and instead of the strong feeling of dislike which had hitherto been the only emotion of my heart for him, he left pity instead. And, indeed, the expression of agony stamped on his features when leaving me would have evoked pity from a harder heart than mine. A woman's heart is a strange thing, even to herself, as I now learned by this past scene; and I wished fervently that I had never crossed his path, and thus averted this misery. Had I indeed averted it? Had I secured my sister's happiness? These questions worried me; though, as if to assure myself, I kept repeating, "He must forget this folly, and Helen must regain her place in his heart."

From this reverie I was roused by Cyril's entrance, who tenderly asked me if my headache had left me, and if so, I must return with him.

I answered that my head did not ache badly enough to keep me at home, and if it did, I preferred any society to that of my thoughts. So, bidding him amuse himself while I put on my wraps, and made a few changes in my dress, I started to leave him.

"Take these with you. I never like to see you without flowers, you know."

"How kind of you, Cyril! My favorites, too! How shall I reward you?"

"By wearing them," with a look that brought the warm blood into my face. "But where's Gerald? Helen thought he might not have received her note, and would be here."

"He has been, and gone away again, leaving a note for Helen," averting my face, for Cyril has keen eyes, and I feared my face would not bear scrutiny.

"Some business engagement, probably," he replied, carelessly. And, fearful of further questioning, I hastily left the room.

In separating the flowers, Cyril had given me, I found, a tiny note, which drove all thoughts of Gerald out of my head. "Cecil, darling," it ran, "the

month is at an end. Do you remember your promise? and will you give me an honest answer? Wear these flowers as a token that my deep and passionate love is returned. My heart tells me that Cecil will not deny me the blessing of her love; but if I am mistaken, I can never cease to love you.

CYRIL."

I kissed the note again and again. Cyril need not have feared that I should refuse the boon he craved. I went down to him, wearing the flowers that would ever be a precious memento. For the first time in my life I was bashful. Love had taken away my self-possession, and with downcast eyes and blushing face, I stood in the open doorway.

Cyril gave one glance at me, he says, and that glance assured him that his petition was granted. Before I could resist, if, indeed, I should have wished to do so, I was clasped in a passionate embrace, and lips I love the best in all the world were whispering, "My own, own darling!" and on my finger was placed the signet of betrothal.

When we arrived at the cottage we found the party en route for the river. Louise rallied Cyril on his long absence; and in answer to Helen's questioning look, I gave her the note, which she read, saying, when she had finished, "Business has called Gerald to the city." She made no comment on his not finding time to deliver his adieux in person, and I suppose he must have satisfactorily explained the reason for failing to do so. But I could see that his absence was hard to bear, and I got Louise to excuse us, on our return from the river, for I knew that she wished to be away from the gayety that was oppressive to her now, when sadness pervaded her being.

"It is our first parting, and very hard to bear," she said, as we sat together on our return; "and his note is so brief and cold. He was probably provoked at my absence, for he hadn't time to seek me and tell me good-by. O, how can I endure the dreary week of separation!"

I comforted her the best I could, feeling like a guilty person. Had I any doubts as to the propriety of keeping silence, they were now dispelled. I tried to divert her mind from its sadness, by calling attention to my ring, which she had been too much

preoccupied to notice, and of my engagement to Cyril, at which I knew she would rejoice. She warmly congratulated me, adding "that she wished I could have welcomed Gerald for my brother as heartily as she did Cyril." To this I made no reply. I could not tell her of the change in my feelings, since she must not know the reason of that change.

The week of Gerald's absence sped rapidly away, though Helen declared it the longest week of her life. The day before his expected return I set out on my promised visit to Fannie Ainslie, a dear school friend. Cyril accompanied me, having business in the city requiring his attention. Singularly enough, the cousin of whom Fannie, in schoolgirl fashion, had raved, was none other than my Cyril, which made a warmer bond than ever between us. I had purposely taken this time for my visit, partly to avoid meeting Gerald, and partly to allow him time to get over the shock the news of my engagement must cause him, if he really loved me. I had begged Helen to say nothing of it to any one, Gerald included. She had ascribed this to one of my whims, but had nevertheless promised. I knew that Louise would take a particular pleasure in telling him; but he, knowing intuitively that she suspected his passion, would not let her see what effect her news might produce.

Two days after my arrival at the Ainslies I received a letter from Helen which I read with mingled emotions. It told me of my sister's marriage and departure for the West. It appeared that Gerald had come back only to take leave of her again. Urgent business called him immediately to the West, where he should be obliged to remain several months. But finding that Helen was entirely overcome at the bare thought of parting, he proposed an immediate marriage. To this she gladly consented. She had hoped to be able to stop long enough in the city to take leave of me, but Gerald had declared it impossible, and she had submitted to this decision, gaining consolation from the thought that I should come to them as soon as they were settled. Enclosed in her letter was a note from her husband, who had mailed her letter, thus concealing the existence of his note. I opened it, and read these words:

"CECIL,—If you are angry with me on the receipt of Helen's letter, I cannot blame you; but it was the only way in which I could keep my promise. I could not endure the sight of your happiness yet, and have put a wide distance between us. I might have allowed Helen to say good-by, but that I knew she would expect me to accompany her, and I might arouse her suspicions by my refusal; for I dare not trust myself to see you. GERALD."

As he had conjectured, I was angry with him, but anger subsided and gave place to pity while reading his note. Though keenly feeling this parting, I was comforted by the thought that Helen's happiness was secured; for, since he had deceived her so successfully hitherto, there would be but little danger of her discovering his secret in the future, for Helen's mind could not conceive of the possibility of a marriage without love, and she would judge him by herself. But I knelt down and asked God to help Gerald, and to take away this mad passion for me, and restore that love which he must have felt for her before I so unfortunately crossed his path.

The rest of my story is soon told. That night I told Cyril all. He agreed with me, in that Helen's home was no place for me, and proposed that at the conclusion of my visit I should return to his sister's and be married. After some hesitation I agreed to this plan. I returned to Norwood in October, and was married on the eighteenth. After our marriage we went to Washington. While in that city my husband received an appointment as foreign minister. We went abroad immediately after this appointment, and it was after an absence of several years that, yielding to my longing to see Helen, and his own for his native land, my husband resigned his position, and we came home. During my stay abroad, in all Helen's letters, she had alluded to her happy married life. Her husband gratified her every wish. They were settled in Cincinnati, and Gerald had actively engaged in public life. This was the only drawback to Helen's happiness, as it necessarily deprived her of a great deal of his society. But she was too unselfish to complain of this, and she knew he thoroughly enjoyed this life. After a little stranger came, however, her "cup of happiness was full."

You may be sure that these letters were as white-winged messengers of peace and joy to me. My prayers seemed to be answered. Cyril rejoiced with me, for he had doubted if I had secured Helen's happiness.

On our arrival home we went directly to Helen's residence. Our coming was a great surprise to her, for we had not apprised her of our intention to return. Let me draw a veil over our meeting. It was too sacred for pen of mine to portray.

Gerald came in late in the evening, and welcomed us cordially, and without any trace of the old feeling. Helen rallied us a little on our old dislike. I replied that for my part I had got over that long ago.

"And you, Gerald dear?" she said, inquiringly.

"I think the dislike was all on Cecil's side," he replied, looking at me with an odd expression.

That night, when we were alone together for a short time, I thanked Gerald for making my sister so happy.

"It is my duty," he made answer. "I have tried in vain to give her what rightfully belongs to her—my heart; but that is, and I fear will always be, given to one who thought my love only a mad passion—to her sister Cecil!"